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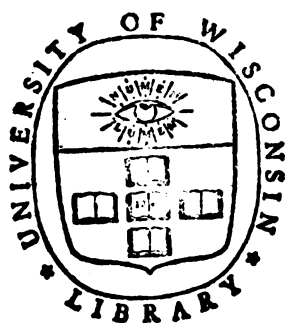
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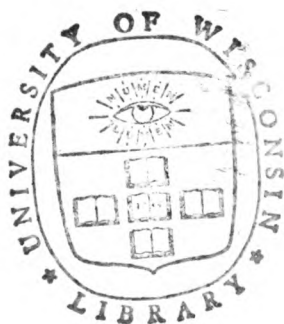
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NOTE OF THE EDITOR.

SHOULD this attempt at republication meet with encouragement from the Public, it is the intention of the Editor to make the present volume the *First of a Series* of "Select Beauties of early Catholic Literature," to be published at convenient intervals. He purposes in the next volume to give "Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears," by the Rev. Robert Southwell; a work so much admired by the celebrated Dr. Watts, that, though written in prose, he thought it so full of poetic and devotional feeling as to be worthy of a place in one of the editions of his Hymns, where it appears, though in a very abridged and mutilated state.

Those who feel disposed to patronize the present undertaking, will be so kind as to leave their names with the Catholic printers of the present volume.

N. B. It is not intended there should be any division of parts, as each volume will contain an entire work in itself: of course the purchase of any particular volume will be optional with the subscriber.

J. P. P.

St. Peter's Complaint,



AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY THE

REV. ROBERT SOUTHWELL,

Reprinted from the Edition of 1595, with important
Additions from an original MS.

AND

A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,

By W. JOS. WALTER,

LATE OF ST. EDMUND'S COLLEGE,

And Translator of the Martyrs of Chateaubriand, &c. &c.



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THE REV. JOSEPH DUNN,

*These productions of Him, who
was at once a votary of the Muses,
a Martyr to the Faith, and an orna-
ment to the venerable Society of Jesus,
are,*

With sentiments of the greatest respect,

Inscribed

by his most obedient humble servant,

THE EDITOR.

*London,
31 July, 1817.*

A SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

AMONG the many great and good men who perished during the violence of an unfortunate period of our history, there is no name that the lover of literature will pronounce with more unfeigned regret, than the name of Robert Southwell. He was descended of a very good family, and born at St. Faith's in Norfolk. At an early age he was sent over to Doway, where he was for some time alumnus of the English College. At the age of sixteen he went to Rome, and was received into the Society of Jesus; where, having completed his noviceship, and gone through a course of philosophy and divinity with considerable credit, he was appointed prefect of the studies in the English College in that city. During this period he applied himself closely to the study

of his native language; a study that was, in general, but too much neglected by those educated abroad. What degree of proficiency he made, is abundantly demonstrated in his numerous and elegant productions, both in prose and verse, the greater part of which he afterwards published.

In 1584 he came as a missionary into England*. It could not be long after this period that Southwell wrote his Epistles to his father and brother†. It would appear that both these persons had caught the temporizing spirit of the times, and sacrificed their conscience to the idol of temporal interest. The Epistle to his Father is in Southwell's best manner: it breathes all the consciousness of youthful genius, and all the bold aspirings of a vigorous mind, at the same time that it is highly creditable to the feelings of Southwell, as a son. As it throws considerable light on our author's early life and opinions, we have given it a place in the Appendix.

The pastoral labours of a man gifted with a mind like Southwell, could not be ineffectual, and he appears to have gained the esteem and confidence of several per-

* Vide *Memoirs of Miss. Priests*; vol. 1st, p. 175.

† Dodd in his *Church Hist.* mentions the former Epistle as having been printed at Doway, with the 'Rules of Good Life;' I have never met with this volume. The copy given in the Appendix is from a MS. in the Bodleian.

sons of distinction, particularly of Anne, Countess of Arundel, with whom he resided in quality of domestic chaplain. This situation he appears to have filled till the month of July 1592, when he was betrayed and apprehended at Uxenden in Middlesex, and committed to a dungeon in the Tower, which was so noisome and filthy, that when he was brought out, after a month's confinement, to be examined, his cloaths were quite covered with vermin. From this rigorous treatment his father petitioned Elizabeth, praying, that as he was a Gentleman, he hoped her Majesty would be pleased to order that he should be treated as a Gentleman. This application was attended to; a better lodging was assigned him, and permission given to supply him with proper necessities and the books he might stand in need of. He requested only the Bible and the works of St. Bernard. His choice of this author should not be passed over without a remark. St. Bernard has been characterized as the Fenelon of the Fathers of the Church; he is remarkable for the suavity of his style, the pathos of his exhortations, and the devotional fervour of all his writings. It is evident, from the above circumstance, that he was a favourite with our author, and it is probable that, from this writer, Southwell caught the tone and character that so strongly mark his own compositions.

It was during this period that he wrote two letters to a

friend at Rome, which are preserved in the Bishop of Tarrasona's History *; they are placed in the Appendix to this volume, as being at once characteristic of the author, and valuable as far as they present a lively picture of the state of alarm and suspense in which the Catholics, and particularly the clergy, must have been placed.

What were Southwell's feelings in his dungeon may be collected from that beautiful 'Epistle of comfort' which he addressed to those who had preceded him in their sufferings for the faith. 'The prison,' he says, 'is dishonourable; yet when the cause ennobleth the name of prisoner, the prisoner abolisheth the dishonour of the place. What thing of old more odious than the cross? what place more abhorred than the Mount of Calvary? what rooms more reproachful than the grates and dungeons of the saints? Yet now—what thing more honourable than the holy cross? what place more revered than the aforesaid mount? what sanctuaries more desired than the dungeons of the saints? A reproachful thing it is to be chained in sin, to be enthralled in the vassalage of lawless appetites, and in the slavish bondage of worldly vanities; but honourable it is, in God's cause, to be abridged of bodily liberty, for maintaining the true liberty and freedom of the soul!.. And when

* *Didacus Yépes de Persecut. Angl. &c. page 647.*

· can you so freely range among the choirs of angels, as
· when you are sequestered from the distractions of vain
· company? When can you take a fuller repast of the
· sweet fruits of prayer and contemplation, than when
· the flesh-pots of Egypt are the farthest from sight?
· Your eyes are not too much troubled with impious and
· wicked sights; your ears are not annoyed with the
· heinous outcries of blasphemy; you are quiet from scan-
· dals, and severed from occasions of divers temptations.
· Let them complain of the difficulties of a prison, who
· have fastened their affections upon worldly vanities; but
· for a Christian Catholic, that hath Christ for his leader,
· the Apostles for his witnesses, and all former saints
· for testimonies, it is a shame not to think worthily, and
· correctly, and reverently thereof. So honourable are
· the chains of a captive in God's cause, that Solomon in
· his costliest habits, and Herod in his most gorgeous
· attire, were not so much honoured as John the Baptist,
· when he had atchieved that title, 'John in Chains.' It
· was a great prerogative to be an Apostle, a Doctor, an
· Evangelist; it was a singular favour to be wrapt into
· the third heaven, and to hear secrets that it is not law-
· ful for man to speak; it was a rare privilege to heal
· diseases, not only with the touch of the hand, but
· with that of the very girdles and handkerchiefs;
· but St. Paul acknowledges a greater title to honour,

‘ when, in writing to Philemon, he omitteth his usual style of ‘ Paul an Apostle,’ and beginneth his epistle with ‘ Paul a prisoner of Jesus Christ.’ Herein he followeth the custom of great personages, who, when from inferior dignities they are raised to more honourable titles, always, in their letters, omit the secondary and set down the principal title, proper to their newly achieved preferment.’ These are the glowing effusions of a mind fully impressed with a conviction of the truth of the sentiments inculcated.

Southwell remained three whole years a prisoner in the Tower, during which time he was cruelly racked ten several times, with a view to extort from him a disclosure of certain supposed conspiracies against the government. At the end of this period, he sent an epistle to Cecil, the Lord Treasurer, humbly entreating his Lordship, that he might either be brought upon his trial, to answer for himself, or, at least, that his friends might have leave to come and see him. The Treasurer answered, ‘ that if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire.’ Shortly after this, orders were given, that he should be removed from the Tower to Newgate; where he was put down into the dungeon called Limbo, and there kept for three days.

On the 22d of February, without any previous warning to prepare for his trial, he was taken out of his dark

lodging, and hurried to Westminster, to hold up his hand there at the bar. The first news of this step towards his martyrdom, filled his heart with a joy which he could not conceal. The judges before whom he was to appear, were Lord Chief Justice Popham, Justice Owen, Baron Evans, and Sergeant Daniel. As soon as Father Southwell was brought in, the Lord Chief Justice made a long and vehement speech against the jesuits and seminary priests, as the authors and contrivers of all the plots and treasons which, he pretended, had been hatched during that reign. Then was read the bill of indictment against Father Southwell, drawn up by Cook, the queen's solicitor, to this effect :

Middlesex.

‘ The jury present, on the part of our Sovereign Lady
‘ the Queen, that Robert Southwell, late of London,
‘ Clerk, born within this kingdom of England, to wit,
‘ since the Feast of St. John the Baptist, in the first year
‘ of the reign of her Majesty, and before the first day of
‘ May, in the thirty-second year of the reign of our Lady
‘ the Queen aforesaid, made and ordained Priest by au-
‘ thority derived and pretended from the See of Rome,
‘ not having the fear of God before his eyes, and slight-
‘ ing the laws and statutes of this realm of England,
‘ without any regard to the penalty therein contained,
‘ on the 20th day of June, the thirty-fourth year of the

‘ reign of our Lady the Queen, at Uxenden, in the county
‘ of Middlesex, traitorously, and as a false traitor to our
‘ said Lady the Queen, was and remained, contrary to
‘ the form of the statute in such case set forth and
‘ provided, and contrary to the peace of our said Lady
‘ the Queen, her crown and dignities.’

The Grand Jury having found the bill, Father Southwell was ordered to come up to the bar : he readily obeyed, and bowing down his head, made a low reverence to the judges. He then modestly held up his hand according to custom, and being asked, whether he was guilty or not guilty? he answered, ‘ I confess that I was born in England, a subject to the Queen’s Majesty; and that, by authority derived from God, I have been promoted to the sacred order of priesthood in the Roman Church, for which I return most hearty thanks to his Divine Majesty. I confess, also, that I was at Uxenden, in Middlesex, at that time; when, being sent for thither by trick and deceit, I fell into your hands, as it is well known; but, that I never entertained any designs or plots against the Queen or kingdom, I call God to witness, who is the revenger of perjury; neither had I any other design in returning home to my native country, than to administer the sacraments, according to the rites of the Catholic Church, to such as desired them.’

Here the judge interrupted him; and told him that

he was to let all that alone and plead directly guilty or not guilty. Upon which he said, he was not guilty of any treason whatsoever. And being asked, by whom he would be tried? he said by God and by you. The judge told him he was to answer, by God and his country; this he at first refused, alledging, that the laws of his country were disagreeable to the laws of God; and that he was unwilling those poor harmless men of the jury, whom they obliged to represent the country, should have any share in their guilt, or any hand in his death. 'But,' said he, 'if through your iniquity it must be so, and I cannot help it, be it as you will, I am ready to be judged by God and my country.' When the twelve were to be sworn, he challenged none of them, saying, that they were all equally strangers to him, and therefore charity did not allow him to except against any one of them more than another. The jury being sworn, Mr. Cook began to prove the heads of the indictment, that Mr. Southwell was an Englishman and a priest, by his own confession, and that his being so young was a demonstration that he had been made priest since the time mentioned in the statute, &c. The judge asked him, how old he was? He replied, that he was about the age of our Saviour—33. Topliffe, who was present, took occasion from this answer to charge him with insupportable pride, in comparing himself to our Saviour. But Father Southwell

b

refuted the calumny, confessing himself to be a worm of the earth, and the work and creature of Christ his maker. In fine, after Mr. Cook had declaimed, as long as he thought fit, against the servant of Christ, and Topliffe and Lord Chief Justice Popham had loaded him with reproaches and injuries, to which Father Southwell opposed a christian constancy and modesty, the jury went aside to consult about the verdict, and a short time after, brought him in guilty. He was asked if he had any thing more to say for himself, why sentence should not be pronounced against him? He said 'nothing; but 'from my heart I beg of Almighty God to forgive all 'who have been any ways accessory to my death.' The judge, Popham, exhorted him to prepare for the welfare of his soul, whilst he had time. He thanked him for his shew of good will, saying; that he had long since provided for that, and was conscious to himself of his own innocence. The judge having pronounced sentence according to the usual form, Father Southwell made a very low bow, returning him most hearty thanks, as for an unspeakable favour. The judge offered him the help of a minister to prepare him to die. Father Southwell desired he would not trouble him upon that head, that the grace of God would be more than sufficient for him.

He was taken back to Newgate, through the streets, lined with people; he discovered all the way the over-

flowing joy of his heart, in his eyes, in his whole countenance, and in every gesture and motion of his body. That such should have been his feelings we do not wonder, when we consider the animating exhortations he had given to his suffering brethren in 'The Epistle of Comfort,' before-quoted. 'Your life,' he exclaims, 'your life is a warfare, your weapons patience, your leader Christ, your standard the cross. Now is the alarm sounded and the war proclaimed: die you must to win the field. Neither is this news to you, who have professed to be Christ's champions, seeing that all your fellow soldiers have esteemed this the most sovereign victory, by yielding to subdue, by dying to revive, by shedding your blood and yielding up your lives to win the goal of eternal felicity. Elias must not think much to let fall the worthless mantle of the flesh, to be carried to paradise in a fiery chariot; Gedeon may willingly break his earthen pitchers to shew the light that is to confound his enemies; Joseph must leave his cloak in the harlot's hands, rather than consent to her lewd enticements.... We that already see great miseries, and foresee greater to be at hand, let us account it time happily gained, if we may quickly depart to prevent their coming. Neither is the winter so full of showers to water the earth, nor summer so hot to ripen the corn, nor the spring so temperate

‘ to prosper young growth, nor autumn so full of
‘ ripe fruit, as heretofore it hath been. The hills,
‘ tired with digging, yield not such store of marble;
‘ the wearied mines yield not such plenty of precious
‘ metals, the scanty veins wax daily shorter; on the
‘ sea decayeth the mariner, in the tent the soldier;
‘ innocency in courts, justice in judgments,
‘ agreement in friendships, cunning in arts, and discipline in manners. Finally, every thing is so impaired,
‘ and so fast falleth away, that happy may he be
‘ reckoned, who dieth quickly, lest he be oppressed
‘ with the ruins of the dying world. Let *those* make
‘ account of this life, who esteem the world their
‘ friend; as for you, the world hateth you, and therefore
‘ how can you love it? We are here but pilgrims and
‘ strangers: our country is heaven; our parents the
‘ patriarchs; why do we not hasten to come speedily
‘ to our country, and to salute these parents? There
‘ a great number of our friends expecteth us; a vast
‘ multitude desireth our coming—secure of their own
‘ salvation, and only solicitous for ours. How great is
‘ the contentment of their abode, without fear of dying,
‘ and with eternity of living! There is the glorious
‘ choir of Apostles, the company of rejoicing Prophets,
‘ the innumerable multitude of Martyrs, crowned for
‘ the victory of their bloody frays and passions. There are

‘ the troops of fair Virgins, who by the virtue of chastity
‘ have subdued the rebellions of flesh and blood. There
‘ is the centre of our repose, the only seat of unfailing
‘ security. Seeing there is so little cause either to love
‘ life, or to fear death, and so great motives to lament
‘ that our sojourning is prolonged, and our decease ad-
‘ journed, let not *their* threatening appal us, who can
‘ only kill the body, but have no power over the soul;
‘ whose greatest spite worketh our profit, and who, when
‘ they think they have given us and our cause the deep-
‘ est wound have most grievously wounded themselves,
‘ and procured our higher advancement. They think by
‘ killing Abel, that Cain’s sacrifice will be accepted;
‘ not remembering that Abel’s blood crieth aloud
‘ against them. By pursuing Elias with many soldiers,
‘ they think to prevail; not remembering that the fire
‘ will fall from heaven in his defence.’

On our Author’s return to Newgate, he was again confined in the same dreary apartment. From this place he was brought out on the 21st of February, 1595, to suffer for the priesthood. Care was taken not to let the people know beforehand the day he was to die, to hinder the concourse on that occasion; and a famous highwayman was ordered for execution at the same time in another place, to divert the crowd from the sight of the last conflict of the servant of Christ. But these precautions availed no-

thing ; great numbers, and amongst them many persons of distinction, flocked to Tyburn, to be witnesses of his glorious martyrdom. Hither Mr. Southwell was drawn on a sledge through the streets, and when he was come to the place, getting up into the cart, he made the sign of the cross in the best manner he could, his hands being pinioned, and began to address the people in those words of the Apostle, Rom. 14. ‘ Whether we live, we live to the Lord ; or whether we die, we die to the Lord : therefore, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.’ Here the Sheriff would have interrupted him, but he begged leave that he might go on, assuring him that he would utter nothing that should give offence. He then spoke as follows : ‘ I am come to this place to finish my course, and to pass out of this miserable life ; and I beg of my Lord Jesus Christ, in whose most precious passion and blood I place my hope of salvation, that he would have mercy on my soul. I confess I am a Catholic Priest of the Holy Roman Church, and a religious man of the Society of Jesus ; on which account I owe eternal thanks and praises to my God and Saviour.’ Here he was interrupted by a minister telling him, that if he understood what he said in the sense of the Council of Trent, it was damnable doctrine. But the minister was silenced by the bystanders, and Mr. Southwell went on saying : ‘ Sir, I

‘ beg of you not to be troublesome to me for this short
‘ time that I have to live: I am a Catholic, and in
‘ whatever manner you may please to interpret my
‘ words, I hope for salvation by the merits of our Lord
‘ Jesus Christ. And as to the queen, I never attempt-
‘ ed, or contrived, or imagined any evil against her;
‘ but have always prayed for her to our Lord; and for
‘ this short time of my life, still pray, that in his infi-
‘ nite mercy he would be pleased to give her all such
‘ gifts and graces, which he sees, in his divine wisdom,
‘ to be most expedient for the welfare both of her soul
‘ and body, in this life and in the next. I recommend,
‘ in like manner, to the same mercy of God, my poor
‘ country, and I implore the divine bounty to favour it
‘ with his light, and the knowledge of his truth, to the
‘ greater advancement of the salvation of souls, and the
‘ eternal glory of his divine Majesty. In fine, I beg of
‘ the almighty and everlasting God, that this my death
‘ may be for my own and for my country’s good, and the
‘ comfort of the Catholics my brethren.’ Having
finished these words, and looking for the cart to be im-
mediately driven away, he again blessed himself, and
with his eyes raised up to heaven, repeated, with great
calmness of mind and countenance, those words of the
Psalmist : *In manus tuas, &c.—Into thy hands, O Lord,*
I commend my spirit ; with other short ejaculations, till

the cart was drawn off. The unskilful hangman had not applied the noose of the rope to the proper place; so that he several times made the sign of the cross whilst he was hanging, and was some time before he was strangled: some of the bystanders, perceiving this, drew him by the legs, to put an end to his pain; and when the executioner was for cutting the rope before he was dead, the gentlemen that were present cried out three several times, "Hold! hold!" for the behaviour of the servant of God was so edifying in these his last moments, that even those of a different way of thinking, who were present at his execution, were much affected with the sight. After he was dead, he was cut down, bowelled and quartered.

Thus was cut off, in the flower of life, a man whose virtues were worthy of his profession, and who, in point of talent, bade fair to be one of the greatest literary ornaments of his age and country.

Our Author's merit as a poet began early to be known and appreciated. Bolton thus speaks of Southwell in his *Hypercritica*, a work which Warton pronounces to be sensible and judicious; and which is proved to have been written in 1616, though it was not published till some years afterwards. 'Never must be forgotten St. Peter's Complaint, and those other serious Poems by Father Southwell; the English whereof, as it is most

‘ proper, so the sharpness and lightness of wit is very
‘ rare in them.’

The judicious author of the article ‘ Southwell,’ in the *Censura Literaria*, observes: ‘ That even those who
‘ least love the religion of the Author, must admire and
‘ praise his writings, and regret that neither his simple
‘ strains in prose, nor his polished metre, should have
‘ yet obtained a collected edition of his works for general readers.’

The only portion of Southwell’s works that has been reprinted in a complete form is, ‘ The Triumphs over Death,’ which has found a worthy editor in Sir Egerton Brydges; and it is only to be regretted, that this veteran in the cause of early English Literature did not give the rest of our Author’s works in the same handsome shape, especially as the following testimony will prove with what enthusiasm he would have entered upon the task.
‘ A deep moral pathos,’ he observes, ‘ illumined by fervent piety, marked every thing Southwell wrote, either in prose or verse. There is something,’ he adds, ‘ singularly simple, chaste, eloquent and fluent, in his diction on all occasions.’

Mr. Ellis, in his ‘ Specimens of early English Poetry,’ after giving one or two extracts from our Author, observes: ‘ That his poems, all of which are on moral or

‘ religious subjects, are far from deserving the neglect which they have experienced.’

Encouraged, perhaps, by this remark of a judicious and discerning critic, Mr. Headley, the ingenious author of ‘ The Beauties of early English Poetry,’ came to a determination of republishing Southwell’s Poems, on account, as he expresses it, ‘ of that moral charm, which must prejudice every reader of taste in favour of their author ’ It is to be regretted, that one so competent to the task, did not live to accomplish it ; but, alas ! he was destined to add another name to the melancholy list of those, whom it has pleased the Almighty to cut off in the blossom of their promise.

After such testimonies as these, little is left for me to add. I shall only remark, that, independent of their merits in a moral point of view, these Poems abound with rich poetic imagery, and possess a felicity of expression and a harmony of versification rarely to be found in productions of this period. In proof of this, take the following stanzas from St. Peter’s Complaint :

‘ The mother-sea, from overflowing deeps,
Sends forth her issue by divided veins,
Yet back her offspring to their mother creeps,
To pay the purest streams with added gains :
But I, who drank sweet drops from fount supreme,
Repaid the giver with polluted stream.’

Again, where the heart-broken Apostle apostrophises his Divine Master :

‘ In time, O Lord, thine eyes with mine did meet,
 In them I read the ruins of my fall,
 Their cheering rays, that made misfortune sweet,
 Into my guilty thoughts pour’d floods of gall.’
 ‘ Ah wretch ! how oft have I sweet lessons read
 In those dear eyes, the registers of truth ;
 How oft have I my hungry wishes fed,
 And in their happy joys redress’d my ruth.’

‘ O suns, all but yourselves in light excelling,
 Whose presence, day ; whose absence causeth night ;
 Whose neighbour-course brings summer, cold expelling,
Whose distant periods freeze away delight,’ &c.

Again, where he addresses Martha and Mary :

‘ O sister nymphs, the sweet renowned pair,
 Who bless Bethania’s bounds with your abode ;
 Shall I infect that sanctified air,
 Or stain those steps where Jesu breath’d and trod,’ &c.
 Among the lesser Poems, nothing can be more beautiful than that entitled ‘ Joseph’s Amazement,’ page 42, which so strongly depicts the conflict between connubial tenderness and jealous though holy alarm.

And here I have to acknowledge my obligations to that munificent patron of early English Literature, Richard Heber, Esq. To this Gentleman’s kindness I am

indebted for the advantage of collating these Poems with a valuable MS. which bears strong evidence of being an autograph of Southwell. To this MS. I am indebted for three Poems never before printed, entitled, 'On the Sacrament of the Altar,' 'Decease is Release,' and 'I die without desert.' The two latter productions are on the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and possess no common merit.

With respect to the sketch of Southwell's Life, the author flatters himself, that from his good fortune in procuring the whole of our author's printed works, a single Tract excepted, and from the assistance he has derived from two important MSS. he has been enabled to render this part of the volume more perfect than any former author was enabled to do.

It is remarked, in the *Censura Literaria*, that the Poems of Southwell 'must have been very popular among those of his own persuasion, from the numerous editions that were printed; and yet, at this day, few of his productions are to be met with.'—What a reflection upon the patrons of our early literature! The following is, we believe, an accurate list of his works in the order of publication.

A Supplication to Queen Elizabeth. London, 1593.*
St. Peter's Complaint, with other Poems. Imp. by J. Wolfe. London. 1595.

* Of this work I have not been so fortunate as to see a copy.

Idem. By J. Roberts, for Gab. Cawood. London. 1595.

Idem. (Vide Dodd's Church History.) St. Omer's. 1597.

Idem. Imprinted by J. R. for G. C. London. 1597.

Idem. Newly augmented with other Poems by W. Leake. No date.

Idem. Newly arranged, &c. and pr. by W. Stainby for W. Barret. London. 1615.

Idem. With St. Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears, and sundry other selected and devout Poems by the R. Father Robt. Southwell, Priest of the Society of Jesus. Permissu Superiorum. St. Omers or Douay. 1620.

Idem. With the Triumph over Death, and Short Rules of a good Life. Printed by W. Barret and J. Haviland. London. 1620, 1630, 1634.

Mœoniæ; or certain excellent Poems and Spiritual Hymns, omitted in the last impression of Peter's Complaint; being needful thereunto to be annexed, as being both divine and witty: all composed by R. S. Imp. by V. Sims for J. Busbie. London. 1595.

N^t B. This Edition, with the Initials R. S. led Warton, in his History of English Poetry, to attribute these Poems by mistake to Robt. Stapleton. Dodd mentions Poems on the Mystery of Christ's Life; it is probable that he means this Collection.

A

Idem. (Vide Herbert's Typog. Antiquities.) London. 1596.

Idem. (Vide Wood in Athen. Oxon.) ———. 1597.

The Triumphs over Death ; or a Consolatory Epistle, &c. Imp. by V. Sims for J. Busbie. ———. 1596.

N. B. Herbert mentions an Edition of 1695.

Reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges. 1816.

Rules of Good Life, with a Letter to his Father. (Vid. Dodd's Church History.) St. Omers and Douay. No date.

Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears. Printed for W. Lake. Lond. 1689.

Idem. (Vide Dodd.) Douay. No date.

An Epistle of Comfort to the Rev. Priests, and to the Honourable, Worshipful, and others of the Lay Sort, restrayned in Durance for the Catholic Faith. Printed with Licence 1605. No place.

Two Epistles in Didacus Ypres de Persecut. Angl. introduced in the Appendix to this Volume.

A Letter written to his Brother, MS. in the possession of Richard Heber, Esq. Vide Appendix.

R. Southwell's Epistle to his Father. In Catal. Univ. Lib. in Bibl. Bodl. Vide Appendix.

To the above list, may be added an octavo volume of 408 pages, entitled 'The Hundred Meditations of the Love of God,' prefaced by an Epistle 'To the Right

Honble. and virtuous Lady the Lady Beauchamp.' This curious MS. came but lately into my hands; it is neither mentioned by Dodd, nor any other writer. I shall indulge the reader with an extract, as it will at once serve as a specimen of Southwell's style, and as an internal evidence of the authenticity of the volume.

EXTRACT.—MEDITATION 17TH.

Of the Example of Love which our Saviour gave us in his Death.

COME forth now, therefore, ye daughters of Sion; come forth, ye devout souls, and you shall see King Solomon with a garland, wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his marriage, and on the day of the joy of his heart*. O Lord, I find no other garland but that which thy mother the Synagogue made thee on Good Friday on the Cross; not of leaves or of flowers but of cruel sharp thorns, to torment thy sacred head; wherefore then is that called a festival day of the joy of thy heart? Do not haply these thorns prick and pain thee? Yes, surely; and that much more than they could any man else in the world; for thy flesh is most tender and delicate; but, through the greatness of the

* Canticles 3.

love thou didst bear us, thou respectedst not thine own quiet, but our remedy; not thy stripes, but the cure of our diseased souls.

If the many years of painful service, which the Patriarch Jacob endured to marry Rachael, seemed to him but a few days, by reason of the love he bore her; what shall three hours hanging on the Cross, or one day's suffering seem unto thee, to espouse thee with the Church, and to make her so fair and beautiful, that there remain neither spot nor wrinkle about her?

This love moved thee to die so willingly; this caused thee to be hanged naked on the Cross, and to become a butt of derision and scoffing to the world: thou art the same Noe that didst plant a vineyard, and drink of the vine thereof in such abundance, that thou didst fall asleep on the Cross, and suffer such dishonour thereon, that thine own sons were scandalized and scoffed at thee.

How marvellous the love, which abaseth itself to such an extremity; and how strange the blindness of men, which takes occasion to discredit it, for that very thing which should induce them more entirely to love thee! If this love was to the Jews a scandal, and to the Gentiles foolishness, what would they have done if thou hadst given them some other example that might have declared thy whole greatness? It is thy brethren, children, and friends, that so faithfully believe, and perfectly know

how far thy holy love extendeth. This is it that maketh them ravished and beside themselves, when being recollected in the closet of their hearts, thou revealest these secrets of love unto them, and makest them understand and feel their force.

Hereupon cometh it that their bowels yearn, hereupon cometh their desire of martyrdom, hereupon their rejoicing in tribulations, hereupon their feeling ease upon glowing gridirons, their walking upon hot burning coals. their desire of torments as of a banquet, and their taking pleasure in that which the world dreadeth, their embracing that which the world abhorreth, and their seeking to fly the abominations of Egypt to sacrifice their souls to God.

The soul that is espoused unto thee, O Redeemer of the world, and doth willingly join itself with thee, the Bridegroom of the Cross, esteemeth nothing a greater glory than to bear a part in the reproaches and injuries of Thee crucified. How shall I be able, then, O my Lord, to requite thee this love? that only is a sufficient and worthy recompence, where blood is repaid with blood: that blood which Moses celebrated in making an atonement between God and his people, and in forming a covenant with him, which was a figure of this. That part which was poured upon the altar, was to pacify God; and that which fell on the hands of the people, was to bind men.

I know, my most sweet Lord, the obligation and

bond wherein I stand bounden; suffer me not to break it, nor to wrest myself out of it, but let me be stained with this blood, and nailed to the Cross. Make room, O Cross, receive my body, and let down that of my Lord; enlarge thyself, O crown, that I may place my head therein; leave your hold, ye nails, of those innocent hands, to pierce my heart, and wound it with compassion and love.

Hereupon thy holy apostle saith, that thou didst gain dominion of the living and the dead, not with threats and punishments, but with works of love. Reckon me amongst those that thou wilt command, dead or alive, and let me become captive to the dominion of thy love. O what a marvellous and excellent kind of fight hast thou chosen, O Lord, for thou hast conquered men, not with any deluge or fire from heaven, but with the allurements of peace and love; not by killing, but by dying; not by shedding the blood of others, but by giving thine own for us upon the Cross!

O marvellous and strange virtue, that thou wouldst do *that* on the Cross, accompanied with thieves, which thou wouldst not do in heaven where thou wert served by angels. As many motives do invite me to love thee, as I behold wounds in thy sacred body, for the love of me; every one of these wounds is a tongue which crieth out to me, that I should love thee.

It will be well, my soul, that thou bestow thy time in loving him, who, at all times, and in all places, hath, with so great love, taken pains to seek thee. O mighty power of divine love, inflame my heart, that it may be wholly employed on thee; that no other strange love may find place therein. O Paradise of the pleasures of God, and temple of the peace of souls, receive us fugitives and pilgrims in this Vale of Miseries!



RELEASE
HOUSE
9

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THE AUTHOR TO HIS LOVING COUSIN.



POETS, by abusing their talents, and making the follies and feignings of love the customary subject of their base endeavours, have so discredited this faculty, that a poet, a lover, and a liar, are by many reckoned but three words of one signification. But the vanity of men cannot counterpoise the authority of God, who delivered many parts of Scripture in verse, and, by his apostle willing us to exercise our devotion in hymns and spiritual songs, warranteth the art to be good and the use allowable. And therefore not only among the heathens, whose Gods were chiefly canonized by their poets, and their paynim divinity oracled in verse; but even in the Old and New Testament it hath been used by men of the greatest piety in matters of most devotion. Christ himself, by making an hymn the conclusion of his last supper, and the prologue to the first pageant of his passion, gave his spouse a method to imitate, as in the office of the

Church it appeareth; 'and to all men a pattern, to know the true use of this measured style.

But the devil, as he affecteth deity and seeketh to have all the compliments of divine honour applied to his service, so hath he among the rest possessed also most Poets with his idle fancies. For in lieu of solemn and devout matters, to which in duty they owe their abilities, they now busy themselves in expressing such passions as serve only for testimonies to what unworthy affections they have wedded their wills. And, because the best course to let them see the error of their works is to weave a new web in their own loom, I have here laid a few coarse threads together to invite some skilfuller wits to go forward in the same, or to begin some finer piece, wherein it may be seen how well verse and virtue suit together.

Blame me not, good Cousin, though I send you a blame-worthy present, in which the most that can be commended is the good will of the writer; neither art nor invention giving it any credit. If in me this be a fault, you cannot be faultless that did importune me to commit it, and therefore you must bear part of the penance when it shall please sharp censures to impose it. In the mean time, with many good wishes, I send you these few ditties: add you the tunes, and let them, I pray you, be still a part in all your music.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

DEAR Eye ! that deignest to let fall a look
On these sad memories of Peter's plaints,
Muse not to see some mud in clearest brook :
They once were brittle mould, who now are saints.
Their weakness is no warrant to offend ;
Learn in their faults, what in thine own to mend.

If Justice' even hand the balance held,
Where Peter's sins and ours were made the weights,
How small his share, compar'd to what we yield !—
His ship would groan to feel some sinners' freights.
So ripe is vice—so green is virtue's bud—
The world doth wax in ill, but wane in good.

B

This makes my mourning muse dissolve in tears;
This themes my heavy pen—too plain in prose;—
Christ's thorn is sharp, no head his garland wears;
Still finest wits are 'stilling Venus' rose;
In Paynim toys the sweetest veins are spent;
To Christian works few have their talents lent.

Profane conceits and fainting fits I fly;
Such lawless stuff doth lawless speeches fit:
With David, Verse to Virtue I apply,
Whose measure best to measur'd words doth fit:
It is the sweetest note that man can sing,
When Grace in Virtue's key tunes Nature's string.



St. Peter's Complaint.



I.

LAUNCH forth, my soul, into a main of tears,
Full fraught with grief, the traffic of thy mind;
Torn sails will serve thoughts rent with guilty fears:
Give care the stern—use sighs in lieu of wind;
Remorse, thy pilot; thy misdeed, thy card;
Torment, thy haven; shipwreck, thy best reward.

Shun not the shelf of most deserved shame,
Strike on the sands of agonizing dread,
Content thee to be storms' and billows' game.
Divorc'd from grace, thy soul to penance wed;
Fly not from foreign evils—fly the heart—
Worse than the worst of ills, is what thou art.

Give vent unto the vapours of thy breast,
That thicken in the brims of cloudy eyes ;
Let tears wash out the stains by sin imprest ;
Where life was lost, recover life with cries :
Foul is thy trespass, be thy tears not few ;
Baptize thy spotted soul in weeping dew.

Fly mournful plaints, the echoes of my ruth,
Whose screeches in my frightened conscience ring ;
Sob out my sorrows, fruits of mine untruth,
Report the smart of sin's infernal sting.
Tell hearts, that languish in the sorriest plight,
There is on earth a far more wretched wight.

A sorry wight, the object of disgrace,
The monument of fear, the map of shame ;
The mirror of mishap, the stain of place ;
The scorn of time, the infamy of fame ;
An excrement of earth, to heaven most hateful,
To man injurious—to God ungrateful.

Ambitious heads, dream you of Fortune's pride,
Fill volumes with your forged goddess' praise,
Your fancy's offspring plunge in folly's tide,
Devote your fabling wits to lovers' lays:
Be you, O sharpest griefs that ever wrung,
Text to my thoughts, theme to my plaining tongue.

Sad subject of my sin hath stor'd my mind
With everlasting matter of complaint:
My themes an endless alphabet do find,
Beyond the pangs which Jeremy doth paint.
That eyes with errors may just measure keep,
Most tears I wish, that have most cause to weep.

All weeping eyes, resign your tears to me,
Scarce will a sea cleanse my polluted soul;
Huge horrors in high tides must drowned be;
Of every tear my crime exacteth toll.
These stains are deep, few drops can take out such;
For wounds like mine, no salve can be too much.

II.

I fear'd with life to die, by death to live ;

I left my guide—now left, and leaving God.
To breathe in bliss, I fear'd my breath to give :

I fear'd, for heavenly reign, an earthly rod.
These fears I fear'd, fears feeling no mishaps :
O fond delusion—miserable lapse !

How can I live, that thus my life denied ?

What can I hope, that lost my hope in fear ?
What trust in one, that truth itself defied ?
What good in him, that did his God forswear ?
O sin of sins, of ills the very worst :
O matchless wretch—O caitiff most accurst !

Vain in my vaunts, I vow'd, if friends had fail'd,

Alone Christ's hardest fortunes to abide :
Giant in talk, like dwarf in trial quail'd ;
Excelling none—but in untruth and pride.
Such distance is between high words and deeds !
In proof the greatest vaunter seldom speeds.

Ah rashness, aiming at such deadly leap !

Lavish in vowing, blind in seeing what ;
Soon sowing shames, that long remorse must reap :

Nursling of tears, by oversight begot ;
Scout of repentance, harbinger of blame,
Treason to wisdom, mother of ill name.

The blind-born beggar, for receiving sight,

Fast in his faith and love to Christ remain'd ;
To no base fear he stoop'd, he fear'd no might ;
No change his choice, no threats his truth restrain'd.
One wonder wrought him in his duty sure ;
I, after thousands, did my Lord abjure.

III.

Could servile fear of rend'ring Nature's due,

Which growth in years was shortly like to claim,
So thrall^d my love, that I should thus eschew

A vowed death, and miss so fair an aim ?
Die—die, disloyal wretch, thy life detest ;
For saving thine, thou hast forsworn the best.

Ah life, sweet drop, drown'd in a sea of sours,
A flying good, posting to doubtful end;
Still losing months and years to gain new hours,
Fain, time to have and spare, yet forc'd to spend.
Thy growth, decrease; a moment, all thou hast,
That's gone ere known; the rest, to come, or past.

Ah Life, the labyrinth of countless ways,
Open to erring steps, and strew'd with baits
To wind weak senses into endless strays,
Aloof from Virtue's rough, unbeaten straits.
A flower, a play, a blast, a shade, a dream,
A living death—a never-turning stream.

And could I rate so high a life so base?
Did fear with love cast so une'en account,
That for this goal, I should run Judas' race,
And Caiphas' rage in cruelty surmount?
E'en they esteemed thirty pence his price:
I—worse than both—for nought denied him thrice.

III.

The mother-sea, from overflowing deeps,
Sends forth her issue by divided veins,
Yet back her offspring to their mother creeps,
To pay the purest streams with added gains.
But I, who drank sweet drops from fount supreme,
Repaid the giver with polluted stream.

Is this the harvest of his sowing toil?
Did Christ enrich thy heart to breed him brims?
Or is this barren and ungenial soil
Too cold to fertilise with heaven's desires?
Ah, no:—the marle that perjury doth yield
May spoil a good, not fat a barren field.

Was this, for best deserts, the duest meed?
Are highest worths well paid with spiteful hire?
Are stoutest vows repeal'd in greatest need?
Should Friendship, at the first affront, retire?
Blush, craven sot! lurk in eternal night;
Crouch in the darkest caves from loathed light.

Oh wretch, were Jewish tyrannies too few
To glut their hungry looks with his disgrace,
That thou more hateful tyrannies must shew,
And spit thy poison in thy Maker's face?
Didst thou, to spare his foes, put up thy sword,
To brandish now thy tongue against thy Lord?

Ah tongue, that didst his praise and godhead sound,
How wert thou stain'd with such detesting words,
That every word was to his heart a wound,
And lanc'd him deeper than a thousand swords?
What rage of man, yea what infernal sprite
Could have disgorg'd more loathsome dregs of spite!

V.

Why did the yielding sea, like marble way,
Support a wretch more wavering than the waves?
Whom doubt did plunge, why did the waters stay,—
Unkind in kindness, murdering while it saves?
O that this tongue had then been fishes' food,
And I devour'd, before this cursing mood!

These surges, depths, and seas unfirm by kind,
Rough gusts, and distance both from ship and shore,
Were titles to excuse my staggering mind—
Stout feet might falter on that liquid floor:
But here no seas, no blasts, no billows were:
A puff of woman's breath bred all my fear.

VI.

Q coward troops, far better arm'd than hearted,
Whom angry words, whom blows could not provoke;
Whom though I taught how sore my weapon smarted,
Yet none repaid me with a wounding stroke.
O no; that stroke could but my life-blood spill,
I was reserved my better part to kill.

Ah, whither was forgotten love exil'd?
Where did the truth of pledge and promise sleep?
What in my mind could foster thoughts so wild?
Why through my soul such foul suggestions creep?
Now may'st thou fear their death by whom thou liv'st:
All good thou ruinest—all ills thou giv'st.

Threats throw me not, torments I none essay'd ;
 My fray, with shades ; conceits did make me yield,
 Wounding my thoughts with fears ; selfly dismay'd
 I neither fought, nor lost—I gave the field.
 O shameful foil ! a maiden's easy breath
 Did blow me down, and blast my soul to death.

VII.

Titles I make untruths : am I a rock,
 That with so soft a gale was overthrown ?
 Am I fit pastor for the faithful flock,
 To guide their souls, that murder'd thus my own ?
 A rock of ruin—not a rest to stay ;
 A pastor—not to feed—but to betray !

Fidelity was flown, when fear was hatch'd,
 Brood, incompatible in Virtue's nest !
 Courage can less with cowardice be match'd,
 Than fear and love lodge in divided breast.
 O Adam's child, cast by a silly Eve,
 Heir to thy father's foils, and born to grieve.

VIII.

In Thabor's joys I eager was to dwell

An earnest friend while pleasure's light did shine :

But when eclipsed glory prostrate fell,

These zealous heats to sleep I did resign.

And now, my mouth hath thrice his name defid,

That cried so loud three dwellings there to build.

When Christ, attending the distressful hour,

With his surcharged breast did bless the ground,

Prostrate in pangs, raining a bleeding shower,

Me—like myself—a drowsy friend he found.

Thrice, in his care, sleep clos'd by careless eye,

Presage how Him my tongue should thrice deny.

Parting from Christ, my fainting force declin'd ;

With ling'ring foot I follow'd him aloof :

Base fear out of my heart his love unshrin'd

Huge in high words, but impotent in proof.

It seem'd my vaunts 'neath Sampson's locks were born,

Yet like those locks is all their vigour shorn.

C

So fare lukewarm desires in crazy love,
Far off, in need, with feeble foot they train ;
In tides they swim, low ebbs they scorn to prove ;
They seek their friends' delights, but shun their pain.
Hire of an hireling mind, is earned shame :
Take now thy due—bear thy begotten blame.

Ah, cool remissness, virtue's quartan fever,
Pining of love, consumption thou of grace ;
Old in the cradle, langour dying ever,
Soul's wilful famine, sin's soft-stealing pace ;
'The undermining ill of zealous thought,
Seeming to bring no harms—till all be brought.

O Portress of the door of my disgrace,
Whose tongue unlock'd the truth of vowed mind ;
Whose words, from coward's heart did courage chase,
And let in deathful fears my soul to blind—
O, hadst thou been the portress of my tomb,
When thou wert portress of that cursed room !

IX.

O John, my guide into this earthly hell,
Too well acquainted with so ill a court,
Where railing mouths with blasphemies did swell,
With tainted breath infecting all resort,—
Why didst thou lead me to this hell of evils,
To prove myself a fiend among the devils?

Ill precedent, the tide that wafts to vice ;
Dumb orator, that woos with silent deeds,
Writing in works lessons of ill advice ;
The doing tale that eye in practice reads.
Taster of joys to unacquainted hunger,
With leaven of th' old seasoning the younger.

It seems no fault to do what all have done ;
The number of offenders hides the sin ;
How easy with the multitude to run,
But where to stop when once we do begin !
O, had I in that court much stronger been,
Or not so strong as first to enter in.

Sharp was the weather in that stormy place,
Best suiting hearts benumb'd with hellish frost,
Whose crusted malice could admit no grace :
Where coals are kindled to the warmer's cost ;
Where fear my thoughts candied with icy cold,
Heat did my tongue to perjuries unfold.

O hateful fire !—Ah, that I ever saw it !—
Too hard my heart was frozen for thy force ;
Far hotter flames it did require to thaw it :
Thy hell-resembling heat did freeze it worse.
O, that I rather had congeal'd to ice,
Than bought thy warmth at such a damning price !

X.

Thou wakeful bird, rebuker of my crime,
Faithful remembrancer of sleeping fears,
Be thou the daily larum of the time
When stinted eyes should pay their task of tears ;
Upbraid mine ears with thine accusing crow,
To make me rue, what first it made me know.

O mild revenger of aspiring pride,
Thou canst dismount high thoughts to low effects ;
Thou mad'st a cock me for my fault to chide,
My lofty boasts this lowly bird corrects.
Well might a cock correct me with a crow,
Whom hennish cackling first did overthrow.

Weak weapons did Goliath's fumes abate,
Whose storming rage did thunder threats in vain ;
His body huge, harness'd with massy plate,
Yet David's stone did pierce the giant's brain.
With staff and sling, as to a dog, he came,
And with contempt did boasting fury tame.

Yet David had with bear and lion fought,
His skilful might excus'd Goliath's foil :
The death is eas'd that worthy hand hath wrought :
Some honour lives in honourable spoil.
But I, on whom all infamies must light,
Was hiss'd to death with words of woman's spite.

Small gnats enforc'd th' Egyptian king to stoop,
 Yet they in swarms, and arm'd with piercing stings,
 Smart, noise, annoyance, made his courage droop :—
 No small incumbrance such small vermin brings :—
 I quail'd at words that neither bit nor stung,
 And those deliver'd from a woman's tongue.

XI.

Ah, fear ! abortive imp of drooping mind,
 Self-overthrow, false friend, root of remorse ;
 Sighted in seeing ills, in shunning blind,
 Foil'd without field,—by fancy—not by force.
 Ague of valour, phrenzy of the wise,
 True honour's stain, love's frost, the mint of lies.

Can virtue, wisdom, strength, by women spill'd
 In David's, Solomon's, and Sampson's falls,
 With semblance of excuse my error gild,
 Or lend a marble gloss to muddy walls ?
 O no ; their faults had shew of some pretence,
 No veil can hide the shame of my offence.

The blaze of beauty's beams allur'd their looks;
Their looks, by seeing oft, conceived love;
Love, by effecting, swallow'd pleasure's hooks.
Thus beauty, love, and pleasure them did move;
The Syren's sugar'd tunes rock'd them to sleep,
Enough to damn—yet not to damn so deep.

But gracious features dazzled not mine eyes,
Two homely dames were authors of my death;
Not love, but fear, my senses did surprise,
Not fear of force, but fear of woman's breath:
And those unarm'd, ill-grac'd, despis'd, unknown—
So base a blast my truth hath overthrown!

O women, woe to men, traps for their falls,
Still actors in all tragical mischances;
Earth's necessary ills, enchanting thralls, [glances.
Now murdering with your tongues—now with your
Parents of life and love—spoilers of both—
The thieves of hearts, false—do you love—or loath.

XII.

In time, O Lord, thine eyes with mine did meet,
In them I read the ruins of my fall,
Their cheering rays, that made misfortune sweet,
Into my guilty thoughts pour'd floods of gall ;
Their heavenly looks, that blest where they beheld,
Darts of disdain, and angry checks, did yield.

O sacred eyes, the springs of living light,
The earthly heavens, where angels joy to dwell,
How could you deign to view my deathful plight,
Or let your heavenly beams look on my hell ?
But, those unspotted eyes encounter'd mine,
As spotless sun doth on pollution shine.

Sweet volumes, stor'd with learning fit for saints,
Where blissful choirs imparadise their minds ;
Wherein eternal study never faints,
Still finding all—yet seeking all it finds.
How endless is your labyrinth of bliss,
Where, to be lost, the sweetest finding is !

Ah wretch ! how oft have I sweet lessons read
In those dear eyes, the registers of truth ;
How oft have I my hungry wishes fed,
And in their happy joys redress'd my ruth.
Ah, that they now are heralds of disdain,
That erst were ever pitiers of my pain !

You flames divine, that sparkle out your heats,
And kindle pleasing fires in mortal hearts ;
You nectar'd ambries, you soul-feeding sweets ;
You graceful quivers of Love's dearest darts ;
You did vouchsafe to warm, to wound, to feast,
My cold, my stony, my now famish'd breast.

These blazing comets, lightning flames of love,
Made me their warming influence to know ;
My frozen heart their sacred force did prove,
And at their looks did yield like melting snow.
They did not joys, in former plenty, crave ;
Yet sweet are crumbs where pined thoughts do starve.

O living mirrors, seeing whom you shew,
Which equal shadow worths with shadowed things;
Yea, make things nobler than in native hue,
By being shap'd in your life-giving springs :
Much more-my image in those eyes was grac'd,
Than in myself, whom sin and shame defac'd.

All-seeing eyes, more worth than all you see,
Of which one is the other's only price ;
I worthless am—direct your beams on me,
With quickening virtue cure my killing vice.
By seeing things, you make things worth the sight,
You seeing, save ; and being seen, delight.

O pools of Hesebon, the baths of grace,
Where happy spirits dive in sweet desires ;
Where saints delight to glass their glorious face,
Whose banks make echo to the angel-choirs :
An echo sweeter in the sole rebound,
Than angels' music in the fullest sound.

O eyes, whose glances are a silent speech,
In cypher'd words high mysteries disclosing;
Which, with a look, all sciences can teach,
Whose texts, to faithful hearts, need little glozing:
Witness unworthy I, who, in a look,
Learn'd more by rote than all the scribes by book.

Tho' malice still possess'd their harden'd minds,
I, tho' too hard, learn'd softness in thine eye,
Which iron knots of stubborn will unbinds—
Off'ring them love, that love with love will buy.
This did I learn, yet they could not discern it;
But woe that I have now such need to learn it.

O suns, all but yourselves in light excelling,
Whose presence, day ; whose absence causes night ;
Whose neighbour-course brings summer, cold expelling,
Whose distant periods freeze away delight.
Ah, that I lost your bright and fostering beams,
To plunge my soul in these congealed streams !

O gracious spheres, where love the centre is ;
A native place for our self-laden souls,
The compass, love—a cope that none can miss ;
The motion, love—that round about us rolls.
O spheres of love, whose centre, cope, and motion,
Is love of us—love that invites devotion !

O little worlds, the sums of all that's best,
Whose glory, heaven ; God, sun ; all virtues, stars.
Whose fire—a love that next to heaven doth rest ;
Air—light of life, that no distemper mars. [showers
Whose water, grace ; whose seas, whose springs, whose
Clothe Nature's breast with everlasting flowers.

O Bethlem-cisterns, David's most desire,
From which my sins, like fierce Philistines, keep ;
To fetch your drops what champions should I hire,
That I therein my wither'd heart may steep.
I would not shed them like that holy king :
His were but types—these are the figur'd thing.

Twice Moses' wand did strike the stubborn rock
Ere stony veins would yield their chrystal blood ;
From eyes like thine suffic'd a single look
To make my heart gush out a weeping flood.
Those cabinets of grace unlock'd their treasure,
And did to my misdeeds their mercies measure.

XIII.

But O, how long demur I on his eyes,
Whose looks did pierce my heart with healing wound,
Lancing imposthum'd sore of perjur'd lies,
Which these two issues of mine eyes have found.
And run it must, till death the issues stop,
And penal life hath purg'd the final drop.

Like solest swan, that swims in silent deep,
And never sings but obsequies of death,
Sigh out thy plaints, and sole in secret weep,
In suing pardon spend thy perjur'd breath ;
Attire thy soul in sorrow's mourning weed,
And, at thine eyes, let guilty conscience bleed.

D

Come, sorrowing tears, the offspring of my grief,
Scant not your parent of a needful aid :
In you I rest the hope of wish'd relief—
By you my sinful debts must be defray'd.
Your power prevails, your sacrifice is grateful,
By love obtaining life to men most hateful.

Come, good effect of ill deserving cause,
Ill-gotten imps, yet virtuously brought forth ;
Self-blaming probates of infringed laws ;
Yet blamed faults redeeming with your worth :
The signs of shame in you each eye may read,
Yet, while you guilty prove, you pity plead.

O beams of mercy, beat on sorrow's cloud,
Pour suppling showers upon my parched ground ;
Bring forth the fruit to your due service vow'd,
Let good desires with like deserts be crown'd.
Water young blooming Virtue's tender flower,
Sin did all grace, of riper growth, devour.

Weep balm and myrrh, you sweet Arabian trees,
With purest gums perfume and pearl your rine ;
Shed on your honey-drops, you busy bees,
I, barren plant, must weep unpleasant brine :
Heaven's dews were sweet, but ah ! its branch repaid
With bitter fruits their kind and fostering aid.

If David, night by night, did bathe his bed,
Esteeming longest days too short to mourn ;
Tears inconsolable if Anna shed,
Who in her son her solace had foregone :
Then I, to days and weeks, to months and years,
Do owe the hourly need of stintless tears.

If love, if loss, if fault, if spotted fame,
If danger, death ; if wrath, or wreck of weal,
Entitle eyes true heirs to earned blame,
And to remorse 'twere impious to conceal—
That want of tears might well enroll my name,
As chiefest saint in calendar of shame.

XIV.

Love, where I lov'd, was due, and best deserv'd ;

No love could aim at more love-worthy mark,
No love more lov'd than mine, by him I serv'd ;

Large use he gave—a flame for every spark.
This love I lost—this loss a life must rue ;
Yea, life is short, to pay the ruth that 's due.

All that I had I lost—who had the most,

The most that will could wish, or wit devise :
I least perform'd, that did most vainly boast,
I stain'd my fame in most infamous wise.
What danger then, death, wrath, or wreck can move
More pregnant cause of tears than this I prove ?

If Adam sought a veil to scarf his sins,

Taught by his fall to fear a scourging hand ;
If men shall wish that hills should wrap them in,
When crimes in final judgment shall be scan'd,
What mount, what cave, what center can conceal
My monstrous fact, which e'en the birds reveal ?

XV.

Come shame, the livery of offending mind,
The welcome shroud, that overshadoweth blame :
The mulct, at which foul faults are justly fin'd ;
The damp of sin, the common sluice of fame,
By which imposthum'd tongues their humours purge ;
Light shame on me, I best deserv'd the scourge.

Cain's murdering hand, imbru'd in brother's blood,
More mercy than my impious tongue may crave ;
He kill'd a rival with pretence of good,
In hope God's doubled love alone to have :
But fear so spoil'd my vanquish'd thoughts of love,
That perjur'd oaths my spiteful hate did prove.

Poor Agar from her sphere enforc'd to fly,
In wilds Barsabian wand'ring alone,
Doubting her child through helpless drought would die,
Laid it aloof, and sat her down to moan :
The heavens with prayers, her lap with tears she fill'd ;
A mother's love in loss is hardly still'd.

But Agar, now bequeath thy tears to me ;
Fears, not effects, did set afloat thine eyes :
But, wretch, I feel more than was fear'd by thee.
Ah, not my son, my soul it is that dies :
It dies for drought, yet hath a spring in sight ;
Worthy to die—that would not live, and might.

Fair Absalom's foul faults, compar'd with mine,
Are brightest sands, to mud of Sodom's lake :
High aims, young spirits, birth of royal line,
Made him play false, where kingdoms were the stake ;
He gaz'd on golden hopes, whose lustre wits,
Sometimes, the gravest wits to grievous sins.

But I, whose crime cuts off the least excuse,
A kingdom lost, but hop'd no mite of gain ;
My highest mark was but the worthless use
Of some few ling'ring hours of longer pain ;
Ungrateful child, his parent he pursu'd,
I—giants' war with God himself renew'd.

XVI.

Joy, infant saints, whom in the tender flower
A happy storm did free from fear of sin ;
Long is their life, that die in blissful hour ;
Joyful such ends as endless joys begin.
Too long they live, that live till they be nought :
Life sav'd by sin, is purchase dearly bought.

This lot was mine, your fate was not so fierce,
Whom spotless death in cradle rock'd asleep ;
Sweet roses, mixt with lilies, strew'd your hearse,
Death virgin-white in martyrs'-red did steep :
Your downy heads both pearls and rubies crown'd,
My hoary locks did female fears confound.

With easy loss sharp wrecks did he eschew,
That sindonless aside did naked slip :
Once naked grace no outward garment knew ;
Rich are his robes whom sin did never strip.
I, rich in vaunts, display'd pride's fairest flags,
Disrob'd of grace, and wrapt in Adam's rags.

When, traitor to the Son, in Mother's eyes,
I shall prefer my humble suit for grace,
What blush can paint the shame that will arise,
Or write my inward feelings on my face ?
Might she the sorrow with the sinner see,
Tho' I'm despis'd, my grief might pitied be.

But ah, how can her ears my speech endure,
How bear a breath still reeking hellish steam ?
Can Mother like what did the Son abjure,
Or heart deflower'd a Virgin's love redeem ?
The Mother nothing loves that Son doth loath :
Ah loathsome wretch, detested of them both !

XVII.

O sister nymphs ! the sweet renowned pair,
That blest Bethania bounds with your abode,
Shall I infect that sanctified air,
Or stain those steps where Jesus breath'd and trod ?
No : let your prayers perfume that sweeten'd place ;
Turn me with tygers to the wildest chace.

Could I revived Lazarus behold,
The third of that sweet Trinity of Saints ;
Would not astonish'd dread my senses hold ?
Ah yes, my heart e'en with his naming faints ;
I seem to see a messenger from hell,
That my prepared torments comes to tell.

The devils dispossess'd, that out I threw
In Jesus' name—now impiously forsworn,—
Triumph to see me prison'd in their mew,
Trampling my ruins with contempt and scorn :
My perjuries were music to their dance,
And now they heap disdains on my mischance.

Our rock—say they—is riven ; O welcome hour !
Our eagle's wings are clipt, that soar'd so high ;
Our thund'ring cloud made noise, but cast no shower ;
He prostrate lies, that would have scal'd the sky,
Blasted by woman's breath, the towering trunk
Of our tall cedar to a shrub is shrunk.

These scornful words upbraid my inward thought ;

Proofs of their damned prompter's neighbour-voice ;
Such ugly guests still wait upon the naught.

Fiends swarm to souls that swerve from virtue's choice ;
For breach of plighted truth, this scourge I try ;
Ah, that my deed thus gave my word the lie.

Christ, as my God, was tempted in my thought ;

As man, he lent mine eyes their dearest light,
But sin his temple hath to ruin brought,
And now he lighteneth terror from his sight :
Now of my late unconsecrate desires,
Profaned wretch ! I taste the earned hires.

XVIII.

Ah sin, the nothing that doth all things file ;

Outcast from heaven, earth's curse, the cause of hell ;
Parent of death, author of our exile,
The wreck of souls, the wares that fiends do sell ;
Wrong of all rights, self-ruin, root of evils ;
That men to monsters, angels turns to devils.

A thing most done,—yet more than God can do :

Daily new done, yet ever done amiss :

Friended of all, yet unto all a foe ;

Seeming an heaven, yet banishing from bliss :

Served with toil, yet paying nought but pain :

Man's deepest loss, tho' falsely thought his gain :

Shot without noise, wound without present smart ;

First seeming light, proving in fine a load,

Ent'ring with ease, not easily wont to part,

Far in effects from what the shows abode ;

Endors'd with hope, subscribed with despair ;

Ugly in death, tho' life did feign it fair.

O forfeiture of heaven ! eternal debt ;

A moment's joy, ending in endless fires ;

Our nature's scum, the world's entangling net :

Night of our thoughts ; death of all good desires.

Worse than all this—worse than all tongues can say,

Which man could owe—but only God defray.

This fawning viper, dumb till he had wounded,
With many mouths doth now upbraid my harms :
My sight was veil'd till I myself confounded ;
Then did I see the disenchanting charms :
Then could I cut th' anatomy of sin,
And search with lynx's eyes what lay within.

Bewitching ill, that hides death in deceits,
Still borrowing lying shapes to mask thy face ;
Now know I the decyphering of thy sleights :
A cunning dearly bought with loss of grace ;
Thy sugar'd poison now hath wrought so well,
That thou hast made me to myself an hell.

My eye reads mournful lessons to my heart ;
My heart doth to my thought the grief expound
My thought the same doth to my tongue impart,
My tongue the message in the ears doth sound ;
My ears back to my heart their sorrows send ;
Thus circling griefs run round without an end.

My guilty eye still seems to see my sin ;
All things are characters to spell my fall :
What eye doth read without, heart rues within ;
What heart doth rue, to pensive thought is gall,
Which when the thought would by the tongue digest,
The ear conveys it back into the breast.

My comfort now is comfortless to live
In orphan state, devoted to mishap ;
Rent from the root, that sweetest fruit did give,
I scorn'd to graft in stock of meaner sap.
No juice can joy me, but of Jesse's flower,
Whose heavenly root hath such reviving power.

At Sorrow's door I knock'd, they crav'd my name :
I answer'd : One unworthy to be known.
What one? say they : One worthiest of blame.
But who? A wretch—not God's, nor yet his own.
What shall we give? Fit tears and times to plain me.
Come in, say they :—thus griefs did entertain me.

E

With them I rest, a pris'ner in their jail,
Chain'd in the iron links of basest thrall ;
Till grace vouchsafing captive soul to bail,
In wonted see degraded loves install.
Days pass in plaints, the night without repose ;
I wake, to sleep ; I sleep in waking woes.

XIX.

Sleep, death's ally, oblivion of tears ;
Silence of passions, balm of angry sore ;
Suspense of loves, security of fears ;
Wrath's lenity, heart's ease, storm's calmest shore ;
Sense's and soul's reprieve from all cumbers,
Benumbing sense of ill with quiet slumbers.

Not such my sleep, but whisperer of dreams,
Creating strange chimeras, feigning frights :
Of day discourses giving fancy themes,
To make dumb shews, with worlds of antic sights ;
Casting true griefs in fancy's forged mold,
Brokenly telling tales, rightly foretold.

This sleep most fitly suiteth sorrow's bed,
Sorrow, the smart of ill, Sin's eldest child :
Best, when unkind--in killing whom it bred :
A rack for guilty thoughts, a bit for wild.
The scourge that whips, the salve that cures offence :
Sorrow--my bed and home, while life hath sense.

Here solitary muses nurse my griefs,
In silent loneliness burying worldly noise,
Attentive to rebukes, deaf to reliefs,
Pensive to foster cares, careless of joys ;
Pleas'd with displeasing lot, I'll never range,
To seek in worldly joy an ill exchange.

XX.

Christ, health of fever'd soul, heaven of the mind,
Force of the feeble, nurse of infant loves,
Guide to the wand'ring foot, light to the blind,
Whom weeping wins--repentant sorrow moves.
Father in care, mother in tender heart,
Revive and save me, slain with sin's fell dart.

If King Manasses, sunk in depth of sin,

With plaints and tears recovered grace and crown ;

A worthless worm some mild regard may win,

And lowly creep, where flying threw it down.

A poor desire I have to mend my ill,

I should—I would—but dare not say, I will.

I dare not say, I will—but wish I may—

My pride is check'd, high words the speaker spilt :

My good, O Lord, thy gift ; thy strength my stay :

Give what thou bidst, and then bid what thou wilt.

Work with me what of me thou dost request,

Then will I dare the most, and vow the best.

Prone look, cross'd arms, bent knee, and contrite heart,

Deep sighs, thick sobs, dew'd eyes, and prostrate pray-

Most humbly beg release of earned smart, [ers,

And crave a shroud in mercy's sweet repairs.

If justice should my wrongs with rigour wage,

Fears, would despairs ; ruth, breed a hopeless rage.

Lazar at pity's gate I ulcer'd lie,

Craving the refuse crumbs of children's plate :

My wounds I lay in view to Mercy's eye,

My rags bear witness of my poor estate ;

The worms of conscience, that annoy within,

Prove that my plaints are less than is my sin.

With mildness, Jesu, measure mine offence ;

Let true remorse thy due revenge abate,

Let tears appease when trespass doth incense ;

Let pity temper thy deserved hate ;

Let grace forgive, let love forget my fall,

With fear I crave, with hope I humbly call.

Redeem my lapse with ransom of thy love,

Traverse th' indictment, rigor's doom suspend ;

Let frailty, favour ; sorrows, succour move ;

Be Thou thyself—tho' changling I offend.

Tender my suit, cleanse this polluted den,

Cancel my debts—sweet Jesu say ' Amen !'

E 3

Joseph's Amazement.



WHEN Christ, by growth, disclosed his descent
 Into the pure receipt of Mary's breast ;
 Poor Joseph, stranger yet to God's intent,
 With doubts and jealous thoughts was sore oppress'd :
 And, wrought with divers fits of fear and love,
 He neither can her free, nor faulty prove.

Then Joseph, daunted with a deadly wound,
 Let loose the reins of undeserved grief ;
 His heart did throb, his eyes in tears were drown'd,
 His life a loss—death seem'd his best relief :
 The pleasing relish of his former love,
 In gallish thoughts to taste doth bitter prove.

One foot he often setteth out of door,
The other loath uncertain ways to tread;
He takes the fardel for his needful store,
He casts his inn where first he means to bed:
But still ere he can frame his feet to go,
Love winneth time—till all concludes in 'No!'

Sometimes, grief adding force, he doth depart,
He will, against his will, keep on his pace:
But straight remorse so racks his raging heart,
That hasting thoughts yield to a pausing space:
Then mighty reasons press him to remain,
She, whom he flies, doth win him home again.

But when his thought, by sight of his abode,
Presents the sign of misesteemed shame,
Repenting every step that back he trod,
Tears done, their guide the tongue and feet do blame.
Thus warring with himself, a field he fights,
Where every wound upon the giver lights.

And was, quoth he, my love so lightly priz'd,
Or was our sacred league so soon forgot?
Could vows be void, could virtues be despis'd;
Could such a spouse be stain'd with such a spot?
O wretched Joseph, that hath liv'd so long,
Of faithful love to reap such grievous wrong!

Could such a worm breed in so sweet a wood?
Could in such chaste demeanour lurk untruth?
Could vice lie hid where virtue's image stood?
Where hoary sageness graced tender youth?
Where can affiance rest, to rest secure?
In virtue's fairest seat, faith is not sure.

All proofs did promise hope; a pledge of grace,
Whose good might have repaid the deepest ill:
Sweet signs of purest thoughts in saintly face,
Assur'd the eye of her unstained will.
Yet in this seeming lustre seem to lie
Such crimes for which the law condemns to die.

But Joseph's word shall never work her woe,
I wish her leave to live, not doom to die;
Though fortune mine, yet am I not her foe,
She to herself less loving is than I.
The most I will,—the least I can is this,
Since none may save, to shun what is amiss.

Exile my home, the wilds shall be my walk,
Complaint my joy, my music mourning lays;
With pensive griefs in silence will I talk:
Sad thoughts shall be my guides in sorrow's ways.
This course best suits the care of careless mind,
That seeks to lose, what most it joy'd to find.

Like stock'd tree whose branches all do fade,
Whose leaves do fall, and perish'd fruit decay;
Like herb that grows in cold and barren shade,
Where darkness drives all quick'ning heat away:
So die must I, cut from my root of joy,
And thrown in darkest shades of deep annoy.

But who can fly from what his heart doth feel?

What change of place can change implanted pain?

Removing moves no hardness from the steel :

Sick hearts, that shift no fits, shift rooms in vain.

Where thought can see, what helps the closed eye?

Where heart pursues, what gains the foot to fly?

Yet did I tread a maze of doubtful end ;

I go,—I come,—she draws, she drives away ;

She wounds, she heals,—she doth both mar and mend,

She makes me seek, and shun,—depart and stay :

She is a friend to love,—a foe to loath,—

And in suspense I hang between them both.



New Prince, new Pomp.



BEHOLD yon little tender babe,
In freezing winter-night,
In homely manger trembling lies ;
Alas, a piteous sight !

The inns are full, no man will yield
This little pilgrim bed ;
But forc'd he is with silly beasts,
In crib to shroud his head.

Despise him not for lying there,
First what he is inquire :
An orient pearl is often found
In depth of dirty mire.

Weigh not his crib, his wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by him feed :
Weigh not his mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a prince's court,
The crib his chair of state :
The beasts are portions of his pomp,
The wooden dish his plate.

The persons in that poor attire,
His royal liveries wear ;
The prince himself is come from heaven,
This pomp is prized there.

With joy approach, O Christian soul,
Do homage to thy King;
And highly praise the humble pomp,
Which he from heaven doth bring.



Loss in Delays.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse ;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best, when soonest wrought,
Lingring labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ;
Seek not time, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou-hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourn'd have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek thy salve while sore is green,
Fester'd wounds ask deeper lancing;
After-cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing.
Time and place give best advice,
Out of season, out of price.

Crush the serpent in the head,
Break ill eggs ere they be hatch'd;
Kill bad chickens in the tread;
Flig !—they hardly can be catch'd.
In the rising, stifle ill,
Lest it grow against thy will.

F 2

Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,
Not by force, but often falling ;
Custom kills by feeble dint,
More by use, than strength prevailing ;
Single sands have little weight,
Many make a drowning freight.

Tender twigs with ease are bent,
Aged trees do break with bending ;
Young desires need small restraint,
Growth doth make them past amending :
Happy man, that soon doth knock
Babel's babes against the rock !



Content and Rich.

I Dwell in Grace's court,
 Enrich'd with Virtue's rights;
 Faith guides my wit, Love leads my will,
 Hope all my mind delights.

In lowly vales I mount
 To pleasure's highest pitch :
 My silly garb true honour brings,
 My poor estate is rich.

F 3

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts, my rest ;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth ;
That mean, the surest lot,
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil :
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I have no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly reign :
Effects attain'd, or not desir'd,
All lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care for gold,
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride;
Their fall is worst, that from the height
Of greatest honour slide.

Since sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear;
I bear so low and small a sail
As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage,
While fury's flame doth burn;
It is in vain to stop the stream
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proof,
A temper'd calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
My cloaths more fit than fine;
I know I feed and cloath a foe,
That pamper'd would repine.

I envy not their hap,
Whom favour doth advance;
I take no pleasure in their pain,
That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall
I deem a losing gain ;
All states with others' ruin built,
To ruin run amain.

No change of Fortune's calm
Can cast my comforts down :
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

And when, in froward mood,
She prov'd an angry foe,
Small gain I found, to let her come—
Less loss, to let her go.



Christ's Childhood.



TILL twelve years age, how Christ his childhood spent,
All earthly pens unworthy were to write ;
Such acts to mortal eyes he did present,
Whose worth, not men, but angels must recite.
No nature's blots, no childish faults defil'd,
Where grace was guide, and God did play the child.

In springing locks lay couched hoary wit,
In semblance young a grave and ancient port,
In lowly looks high Majesty did sit,
In tender tongue sound sense of sagest sort.
Nature imparted all that she could teach,
And God supply'd where Nature could not reach.

His mirth, of modest mien a mirror was ;
His sadness temper'd with a mild aspect ;
His eyes, to try each action was a glass,
Whose looks did good approve, and bad correct.
His Nature's gift, his grace, his word, and deed,
Well shew'd that all did from a God proceed.



From Fortune's Reach.

LET fickle Fortune run her blindest race,
I settled have an unremoved mind :
I scorn to be the game of Fancy's chace,
Or vane to shew the change of every wind.
Light giddy humours, stinted to no rest,
Still change their choice, yet never choose the best.

My choice was guided by foresightful heed,
It was averred with approving will ;
It shall be follow'd with performing deed,
And seal'd with vow, till death the chooser kill:
Yet death, tho' final date of vain desires,
Ends not my choice, which with no time expires.

To beauty's fading bliss I am no thrall;
I bury not my thoughts in metal mines;
I aim not at such fame as feareth fall;
I seek and find a light that ever shines:
Whose glorious beams display such heavenly sights,
As yield my soul a sum of all delights.

My light to love, my love to life doth guide—
To life that lives by love, and loveth light:
By love to one, to whom all loves are tied
By duest debt, and never equal right.
Eyes' light, heart's love, soul's truest life he is,
The crown of joy, the sum of perfect bliss.



At Home in Heaven.



FAIR soul, how long shall veils thy graces shroud ?
 How long shall this exile withhold thy right ?
 When will thy sun disperse this mortal cloud,
 And give thy glories scope to blaze their light ?
 O that a star, 'more fit for angels' eyes,
 Should pine on earth, not shine above the skies !

This ghostly beauty offer'd force to God ;
 It chain'd him in the links of tender love,
 It won his will with man to make abode ;
 It stay'd his sword, and did his wrath remove :
 It made the rigour of his justice yield,
 And crown'd fair Mercy empress of the field.

This lull'd our heavenly Sampson fast asleep,
And laid him in our feeble Nature's lap ;
This made him under mortal load to creep,
And in our flesh his Godhead to inwrap ;
This made him sojourn with us in exile,
And not disdain our titles in his style.

This brought him from the ranks of heavenly quires
Into the vale of tears, and cursed soil :
From flowers of grace into a world of briars ;
From life to death, from bliss to baleful toil.
This made him wander in our pilgrim-weed,
And taste our torments, to relieve our need.

O soul, do not thy noble thoughts abase,
To lose thy love in any mortal wight :
Content thine eye at home with native grace,
Since God himself is ravish'd with thy sight.
If on thy beauty God enamour'd be,
Base is thy love of any less than he.

G 2

Give not assent to muddy-minded skill,
That deems the feature of a pleasing face
To be the sweetest bait to lure the will ;
Not valuing right the worth of ghostly grace.
Let God's and angels' censure win belief,
That of all beauties judge ourselves the chief.

Queen Hester was of rare and peerless hue,
And Judith once for beauty bore the vaunt ;
But he that could our souls endowments view,
Would soon to souls the crown of beauty grant.
O soul, out of thyself seek God alone :
Grace more than thine—save God's, the world hath none.



87 HELENS
LOVE HOUSE
MARY 8

Lewd Love is Loss.



MISDEEMING eye, that stoopst to the lure

Of mortal worths, not worth such worthy love,
All beauty 's base, all graces are impure,
That do thy erring thought from God remove.
Sparks to the fire, the beams yield to the sun,
All grace to God, from whom all graces run.

If picture move, more should the pattern please ;

No shadow can with shadow'd things compare,
And fairest shapes, whereon our loves do seize,
But silly signs of God's high beauties are.
Go, starving sense, feed thou on earthly mast ;
True love, in heaven seek thou thy sweet repast.

Glean not in barren soil these offal cares,
When thou mayst reap whole harvests of delight;
Base joys in griefs, bad hopes do end in fears;
Lewd love in loss, ill peace in deadly fight:
God's love alone doth end in endless ease,
Whose joys in hope, whose hope concludes in peace.

Let not the luring train of fancies trap,
Or gracious features, proofs of Nature's skill,
Lull Reason's force asleep in Error's lap,
Or draw thy wit to bent of wanton will:
The fairest flowers have not the sweetest smell,
A seeming heaven proves oft a damning hell.

Self-pleasing souls, that play with beauty's bait,
In shining shroud may swallow fatal hook,
Where eager sight on semblance fair doth wait;
A look it proves, that first was but a look:
The fish with ease into the net doth glide,
But to get out the way is not so wide.

Long as the fly doth dally with the flame,
 Until his singed wings do force his fall;
So long the eye doth follow fancy's game,
 Till love hath left the heart in heavy thrall.
Soon may the mind be cast in Cupid's jail,
But hard it is imprison'd thoughts to bail.

O loath that love, whose simple aim is lust,
 Moth of the mind, eclipse of reason's light,
The grave of grace, the mole of Nature's rust,
 The wreck of wit, the wrong of every right :
In sum, an ill, whose harm no tongue can tell;
In which to live is death—to die is hell.



Upon the Image of Death.



BEFORE my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind,
Of these cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find ;
But yet, alas ! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin ;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometimes been ;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must ;
I see the sentence too, that saith,
“ Remember, man, thou art but dust.”
But yet, alas ! how seldom I
Do think indeed that I must die !

Continually at my bed's head
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well ;
But yet, alas ! for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die !

The gown which I am us'd to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat ;
And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my only usual seat ;
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I,

My ancestors are turn'd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone ;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no ; I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

Not Solomon, for all his wit,
Nor Sampson, though he were so strong ;
No king, nor power ever yet
Could 'scape, but death laid him along.
Wherefore I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

Though all the East did quake to hear
Of Alexander's dreadful name ;
And all the West did likewise fear,
To hear of Julius Cæsar's fame ;
Yet both by death in dust now lie,
Who then can 'scape, but he must die ?

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,
If rich and poor his beck obey;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way:
Then grant me grace, O God! that I
My life may mend, since I must die.



The Vale of Tears.



A Vale there is, enwrapt with dreadful shades,
Which groves of mourning pines shroud from the sun ;
Where hanging cliffs yield scant and cheerless glades,
And snowy floods in broken streamlets run.

Where eye-room is from rock to cloudy sky,
From thence to dales, which stormy ruins shroud,
From whence the crushed waters frothy fly,
And tumble from the tops where snow is thaw'd.

Where ears of other sound can have no choice,
But various blust'ring of the stubborn wind
In trees, in caves, in straits with diverse noise ;
Which now doth hiss, now howl, now roar by kind.

Here waters wrestle with encount'ring stones,
That break their streams, and turn them into foam ;
The hollow cloud, full-fraught with thunder, groans,
With hideous crash discharging pregnant womb.

And in the horror of this fearful choir
Consists the music of this doleful place ;
All pleasant birds their tunes from thence retire,
Where none but heavy notes have any grace.

Resort there is of none, but pilgrim-wights,
That pass with trembling foot and panting heart ;
With terror cast in cold and shudd'ring frights ;
For terror all the place is fram'd by art.

H

Yet Nature's work it is, of art untouch'd;
So wild indeed, so vast unto the eye,
With such disorder'd order strangely couch'd,
And so much pleasing horror low and high;

That who it views, must needs remain aghast,
Much at the work, more at the matter's might;
And muse how Nature such a plot could cast,
Where nothing seemeth wrong, yet nothing right.

A place for mated minds—an only bower
Where every thing doth nurse a pensive mood:
Earth lies forlorn, the cloudy sky doth lour,
The wind here weeps—here sighs—here howls aloud.

The struggling flood, between the marble, groans,
Then roaring beats upon the craggy sides;
A little off, amidst the pebble stones,
With bubbling streams a purling noise it glides.

The pines thick set, high grown, and ever green,
Still cloathe the place with shade and mourning veil :
Here gaping cliff, there moss-grown plain is seen ;
Here hope doth spring, and there again doth quail.

Huge massy stones, that hang by ticklish stay,
Still threaten fall, and seem to hang in fear ;
Some wither'd trees, asham'd of their decay,
Reft of all green, and forc'd grey coats to wear.

All pangs and heavy passions here may find
A thousand motives suiting to their griefs ;
To feed the sorrows of their troubled mind,
And chace away dame Pleasure's vain reliefs.

To plaining thoughts this vale a rest may be,
To which from worldly toys they may retire ;
Where sorrow springs from water, stone, and tree ;
Where every thing with mourners doth conspire.

Sit here, my soul, mourn streams of tears afloat,
Here all thy sinful toils alone recount ;
Of solemn tunes make thou the doleful'st note,
That, by thy ditties, dolor may amount.

When echo doth repeat thy painful cries,
Think that the very stones thy sins bewray,
And now accuse thee with their sad replies,
As heaven and earth shall in the latter day.

Let tears to tunes, and pains to plaints be press'd,
And let this be the burthen of thy song:—
“ Come, deep remorse, possess my sinful breast ;
“ Delights, adieu—I harbour'd you too long !”



Seek Flowers of Heaven.



SOAR up, my soul, unto thy rest,
Cast of this loathsome load:
Long is the date of thy exile,
Too long thy strict abode.

Graze not on worldly, wither'd weed,
It fitteth not thy taste;
The flowers of everlasting spring
Do grow for thy repast.

H 3

Their leaves are stain'd in beauty's dye,
And blazon'd with its beams ;
Their stalks enamel'd with delight,
And limn'd with glorious gleams.

Life-giving juice of living love
Their sugar'd veins doth fill,
And water'd with eternal showers,
They nectar-drops distil.

These flow'rs do spring from fertile soil,
Though from uncultur'd field :
Most glittering gold, in lieu of glebe,
These fragrant flowers do yield ;

Whose sovereign scent, surpassing sense,
So ravisheth the mind,
That worldly weeds he needs must loath,
That can these flowers find.

Love's servile Lot.



LOVE, mistress is of many minds,
 Yet few know whom they serve;
 They reckon least how little love
 Their service doth deserve.

The will she robbeth from the wit,
 The sense from reason's lore;
 She is delightful in the rine,
 Corrupted in the core.

She shroudeth vice in virtue's veil,
Pretending good in ill;
She offereth joy, but bringeth grief,
A kiss—where she doth kill.

A honey-show'r rains from her lips,
Sweet lights shine in her face;
She hath the blush of virgin-mind,
The mind of viper's race.

She makes thee seek—yet fear to find:
To find—but nought enjoy;
In many frowns, some passing smiles
She yields, to more annoy.

She letteth fall some luring baits,
For fools to gather up;
Now sweet—now sour—for every taste
She tempereth her cup.

Her watery eyes have burning force,
Her floods and flames conspire;
Tears kindle sparks—sobs fuel are,
And sighs, but fan the fire.

May never was the month of love,
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April—wet by kind,
For love is full of showers.

With soothing words enthralled souls
She chains in servile bands;
Her eye, in silence, hath a speech
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sours;
Short hap immortal harms:
Her loving looks are murd'ring darts,
Her songs, bewitching charms.

Like winter-rose and summer-ice,
Her joys are still untimely;
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair first—in fine unkindly.

Moods, passions, fancies, jealous fits
Attend upon her train;
She yieldeth rest without repose,
A heaven in hellish pain.

Her house is sloth, her door deceit,
And slippery hope her stairs;
Unbashful boldness bids her guests,
And every vice repairs.

Her diet is of such delights
As please, till they be past;
But then, the poison kills the heart,
That did entice the taste.

Plough not the seas—sow not the sands—

Leave off your idle pain ;

Seek other mistress for your minds—

Love's service is in vain.



A Fancy turned to a Sinner's Complaint.*



HE that his mirth hath lost,
 Whose comfort is to rue ;
 Whose hope is fallen, whose faith is cross'd,
 Whose trust is found untrue ;

If he have held them dear,
 And cannot cease to moan :—
 Come, let him take his place by me,
 He shall not rue alone.

* In the MS. copy it is entitled "Master Dier's Fancy," &c.

But if the smallest sweet
Be mix'd with all his sour;
If in the day, the month, the year,
He feels one lightening hour;

Then rest he with himself—
He is no mate for me,
Whose time in tears, whose race in rath,
Whose life a death must be.

I sow'd the soil of peace,
My bliss was in the spring;
And, day by day, the fruit I eat
That Virtue's tree did bring.

The peace, the rest, the life
That I enjoy'd of yore,
Were happy lot; but by their loss
My smart doth sting the more.

I

My sense is passion's spy :
 My thoughts like ruins old,
 Which show how fair the building was
 While Grace did it uphold.

Then Grace, where is the joy
 That makes thy torments sweet ?
 Where is the cause, that many thought
 Their deaths thro' thee but meet ?

Where that disdain of sin,
 That secret sweet delight ?
 Those sparks of bliss, those heavenly joys,
 That shin'd before so bright ?

O that they were not lost,
 Or I could it excuse ;
 O that a dream of feigned loss
 My judgment did abuse !

Yet God's must I remain,
By death, by wrong, by shame ;
I cannot blot from out my heart
What grace wrote in his name.

I cannot set at nought
Whom once I held so dear ;
I cannot make him seem afar,
Who is indeed so near.

Not that I look henceforth
For love that erst I found,
Since I have broke my plighted troth,
To build on fickle ground :

But since I thus have sinn'd,
And no scourge is too ill,
I yield me captive to my curse,
My hard fate to fulfil.

The solitary wood
 My city shall become ;
 The darkest dens shall be the lodge,
 To which for rest I come.

My tears shall be my wine,
 My bed the craggy rock ;
 My harmony the serpent's hiss,
 The screeching owl my clock.

My exercise remorse,
 And doleful sinner's lays ;
 My book remembrance of my crimes,
 And faults of former days.

My walk the path of plaint,
 My prospect into hell,
 Where Judas and his cursed crew
 In endless torments dwell.

And tho' I seem to use
The feigning poet's style,
To figure forth my careful plight,
My fall, and my exile :

Yet is the grief not feign'd
Wherein I starve and pine;
Who feels the most, shall think it least,
If his compare with mine.



On the blessed Sacrament of the Altar.



IN Paschal Feast, the end of ancient rite,

An entrance came to never-ending grace;
Types yield to truth, dim glimpses to the light,
Performing deed presaging signs did chace.
Christ's final meal was fountain of our good,
For mortal meat he gave immortal food.

That which he gave, *Oh 'twas a peerless gift!*

Both God and man he was, and both he gave;
He in his hand himself did truly lift,

Far off they see whom in themselves they have.
Twelve did he feed, twelve did their feeder eat;
'Twas he prepar'd, he gave, he was their meat.

They saw, they heard, they felt him sitting near,

Unseen, unfelt, unheard they him receiv'd;

No diverse thing, though diverse it appear;

Though senses fail, yet faith is not deceiv'd.

And if the wonder of this work is new,

Believe the work, because his word is true.

How truth, belief; belief inviteth love !

So sweet a truth love never yet enjoy'd ;

What thought can think, what will doth best approve,

Is here obtain'd where no desire is void.

The grace, the joy, the treasure there is such,

No wit can guess, no will embrace so much.

Here self-love cannot crave more than it finds,

Ambition to no higher worth aspire ;

The eagerest famine of most hungry minds

May fill what far exceeds its own desire.

In sum, here is all in a sum express'd,

Of worth the most, of every good the best.

To ravish eyes here heavenly beauties are,
 To win the ear sweet music's sweetest sound;
 To lure the taste, the angels' heavenly fare,
 To soothe the sense, divine pertumes abound;
 To please the touch, he in our heart is laid,
 Whose touch doth cure the deaf, and raise the dead.

Here, to delight the wit, true wisdom is;
 To woo the will of every good the choice;
 For memory a mirror shewing bliss,
 With all that can both sense and soul rejoice;
 And if to all—all this it doth not bring,
 The fault is in the man—not in the thing.

Though blind men see no light, it still doth shine;
 Sweet cates are sweet, though fever'd taste discry it;
 Pearls precious are, though trodden on by swine;
 Each truth is true, though factious men deny it.
 The best still, to the bad, doth work the worst;
 Things bred to bliss do make them more accurst.

The angels' eyes, whom veils cannot deceive,
Might best disclose what best they do discern;
Men must with meek and silent faith receive
More than they can by sense or reason learn.
God's power, our proofs ; his works our wit exceed ;
Proud reason oft to fatal lapse doth lead.

A body is endow'd with ghostly rites,
A Nature's work from Nature's law is free ;
In heavenly sun lie hid eternal lights,
Lights clearer than yet mortal eye might see ;
Dead forms a never-dying life do shroud,
A boundless sea lies in a little cloud.

The God of Hosts in slender Host doth dwell ;
Yea God and Man, with all to other due :
That God, who rules the heavens and rifled hell ;
That Man, whose death did us to life renew :
That God and Man, who is the angels' bliss,
In form of bread and wine our nature is.

Whole may his body be in smallest bread,
Whole in that whole, yea whole in every crumb,
With which or one or e'en ten thousands fed,
All to each one, to all but one doth come;
And tho' each one as much as all receive,
Not one too much, nor all too little have.

One soul in man is all in every part,
One face alone in many mirrors shines;
One fearful noise doth make a thousand start,
One eye at once a thousand things defines:
If proofs of one in many Nature frame,
God may in stronger sort perform the same.

God present, is at once in every place,
Yet God in every place is ever one;
So various may be the gifts of grace,
Suited to many minds, alike in none.
Since angels may effects of bodies shew,
God angels' gifts on bodies may bestow.

What God, as author, made, he alter may;
 No change so hard as making all of nought;
 If Adam fashion'd were of slime and clay,
 Bread may to Christ's most sacred flesh be wrought.
 He may do this, that made, with mighty hand,
 Of water wine, a snake of Moses' wand.



Decay is Release.

[On the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots.]



THE pounded spice both taste and scent doth please,
 In fading smoke its force doth incense show ;
 The perish'd kernel springeth with increase,
 The lopped tree doth best and soonest grow.

Some things most perfect are in their decay,
 As taper going out yields clearest light ;
 Such was my hap, whose doleful, dying day,
 Began my joy, and scorn'd false fortune's spight.

*

Alive a Queen, now dead I am a Saint,
 Once Mary call'd, my name now Martyr is ;
 From earthly reign debarred by restraint,
 In lieu whereof I reign in heavenly bliss.

My life, my grief ; my death hath wrought my joy :
 My friend, my foil ; my foes my weal procur'd ;
 My speedy death hath crowned long annoy,
 And loss of life an endless life assur'd.

My scaffold was my couch, where ease I found,
 The block a pillow of eternal rest ;
 My headsman cast me in a blissful swoond,
 His axe cut off my cares from cumber'd breast.

Rue not my death—rejoice at my repose ;
 It was no death to me, but to my woe :
 The bud was open'd to let out the rose,
 The chains unloos'd to let the captive go.

K

A Queen by birth, a prisoner by mishap,
From crown to cross, from throne to thrall I fell;
My right my ruth, my title wrought my trap;
My weal my woe, my worldly heaven my hell.

By death from prisoner to a prince enhanc'd,
From cross to crown, from thrall to throne again;
My ruth my right, my trap my state advanc'd;
From woe to weal, from hell to heavenly reign.



I die without Desert.

[On the same subject as the preceding.]



IF orphan child, enwrap't in swathing bands,
 Doth move to mercy, when forlorn it lies ;
 If none, without remorse or love, withstand
 The piteous noise of infants' silly cries ;
 Then hope, my helpless heart, some tender cares
 Will rue thy orphan state and feeble tears.

Relinquish'd lamb, in solitary wood,
 With dying bleat doth move the toughest mind ;
 The passing plaints of new engender'd brood,
 Base though they be, compassion use to find.
 Why should I, then, of pity doubt to speed,
 Whose hap would force the hardest heart to bleed ?

K 2

Left orphan-like, in helpless state I rue ;
With sighs and tears alone I plead my case ;
My dying complaints I daily do renew,
And fill with heavy cries each desert place.
Some tender heart will weep to hear my moan,
Men pity may—but God can help alone.

Rain down, ye heavens ; your tears this case requires ;
Men's eyes unable are enough to shed :
If sorrows could have place in heavenly quires,
A fitter cause the world hath seldom bred.
For right is wrong, and virtue's weigh'd with blood :
The bad are bless'd, God murder'd in the good.

A gracious plant for fruit, for leaf, and flower ;
A peerless gem for virtue, proof, and price ;
A noble peer for prowess, will, and power ;
A friend to truth, a foe I was to vice.
And lo, alas ! all innocent I die,
A case that might e'en make the stones to cry.

Thus Fortune's favours still are bent to flight ;

Thus worldly bliss in final bale doth end ;

Thus virtue still pursued is with spight :

But let my fate, tho' rueful, none offend.

God doth sometimes first crop the sweetest flower,

And leaves the weed till time doth it devour.



APPENDIX.

No. I.

January 16, 1590.

‘AS yet we are alive and well, being it seems, unworthy of a prison. We have oftener sent than received letters from your parts, though they are not sent without difficulty; while some, we know, have been lost.

‘The condition of Catholic recusants here is the same as usual, deplorable and full of tears and dangers; more especially since our adversaries have looked for wars. As many of ours as are in chains rejoice and are comforted in their prisons; and they that are at liberty set not their hearts upon it, nor expect it to be of long continuance. All, by the great goodness and mercy of God, arm themselves to suffer any thing that can come, how hard soever it may be, as it shall please our Lord, for whose greater glory, and the salvation of their souls, they are more concerned than for any temporal losses.

‘ A little while ago, they apprehended two priests, who have suffered such cruel usages in the prison of Bridewell, as can scarce be believed. What was given them to eat, was so little in quantity, and withal so filthy and nauseous, that the very sight of it was enough to turn their stomachs. The labours, to which they obliged them, were continual and immoderate ; and no less in sickness than in health : for, with hard blows and stripes, they forced them to accomplish their task, how weak soever they were. Their beds were dirty straw, and their prison most filthy.

‘ Some are there hung up, for whole days, by the hands in such a manner, that they can but just touch the ground with the tips of their toes. In fine, they that are kept in that prison, truly live in *lacu miseræ et in luto fæcis*. Psalm 39. This purgatory we are looking for every hour, in which Topliffe and Young, the two executioners of the Catholics, exercise all kinds of torments. But come what pleaseth God, we hope we shall be able to bear all *in him that strengthens us*. In the mean time we pray, that *they may be put to confusion who work iniquity : and that the Lord may speak peace to his people*, Psalms 24 and 74 : that, as the royal prophet says, *his glory may dwell in our land*. I most humbly recommend myself to the holy sacrifices of your Reverence, and of all our friends.

THE SECOND LETTER,

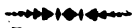
Given March 8th, 1590.

‘WE have written many letters, but, it seems, few have come to your hands. We sail in the midst of these stormy waves, with no small danger; from which, nevertheless, it has pleased our Lord hitherto to deliver us.

‘We have altogether, with much comfort, renewed the vows of the society, according to our custom, spending some days in exhortations and spiritual conferences. *Aperuimus ora et attraximus spiritum.* It seems to me that I see the beginnings of a religious life set on foot in England, of which we now sow the seeds with tears, that others hereafter may, with joy, carry in the sheaves to the heavenly granaries.

‘We have sung the canticle of the Lord in a strange land, and, in this desert, we have sucked honey from the rock, and oil from the hard stone. But these our joys ended in sorrow, and sudden fears dispersed us into different places: but, in fine, we were more afraid than hurt, for we all escaped. I, with another of ours, seeking to avoid Scylla, had like to have fallen into Charybdis; but, by the mercy of God, we passed betwixt them both, without being shipwrecked, and are now sailing in a safe harbour.

‘In another of mine, I gave an account of the late martyrdoms of Mr. Bayles and Mr. Horner, and of the edification which the people received from their holy ends. With such dews as these the Church is watered, *ut in stillicidiis hujusmodi latetur germinans.* Psalm 54. We also look for the time—if we are not unworthy of so great a glory—when our day, like that of the hired servant, shall come. In the mean while, I recommend myself very earnestly to your Reverence’s prayers, that the Father of lights may enlighten us, and confirm us with his principal spirit.’



No. II.

To the worshipful his very good father Mr. R. S. his dutiful son R. S. wisheth all happiness.

IN children of former ages it hath been thought so behoveful a point of duty to their parents, in presence by serviceable offices, in absence by other effectual significations, to yield proof of their thankful minds, that neither any child could omit it without touch of ingratitude, nor the parents forbear it without nice displeasure. But now we are fallen into sore calamity of times, and the

violence of heresy hath so crossed this course both of virtue and nature, that these ingrafted laws, never infringed by the most savage and brute creatures, cannot of God's people without peril be observed. I am not of so unnatural a kind, of so wild an education, or so unchristian a spirit, as not to remember the root out of which I branched, or to forget my secondary maker and author of my being. It is not the carelessness of a cold affection, nor the want of a due and reverent respect that has made me such a stranger to my native home, and so backward in defraying the debt of a thankful mind, but only the iniquity of these days, that maketh my presence perilous, and the discharge of my duties an occasion of danger. I was loth to inforce an unwilling courtesy upon any, or, by seeming officious, to become offensive; deeming it better to let time digest the fear that my return into the realm had bred in my kindred, than abruptly to intrude myself, and to purchase their danger, whose good will I so highly esteem. I never doubted but that the belief, which to all my friends by descent and pedigree is, in a manner, hereditary, framed in them a right persuasion of my present calling, not suffering them to measure their censures of me by the ugly terms and odious epithets wherewith heresy hath sought to discredit my functions, but rather by the reverence of so worthy a sacrament, and the sacred usages

of all former ages. Yet, because I might easily perceive by apparent conjectures, that many were more willing to hear of me than from me, and readier to praise than to use my endeavours, I have hitherto bridled my desire to see them by the care and jealousy of their safety; and banishing myself from the scene of my cradle in my own country, I have lived like a foreigner, finding among strangers that which, in my nearest blood, I presumed not to seek. But now, considering that delay may have qualified fear, and knowing my person only to import danger to others, and my persuasion to none but to myself, I thought it high time to utter my sincere and dutiful mind, and to open a vent to my zealous affection, which I have so long smothered and suppressed in silence. For not only the original law of nature written in all children's hearts, and derived from the breast of their mother, is a continual solicitude urging me in your behalf, but the sovereign decree enacted by the Father of heaven, ratified by his Son, and daily repeated by the instinct of the Holy Ghost, bindeth every child in the due of Christianity to tender the state and welfare of his parents, and is a motive that alloweth no excuse, but of necessity presseth to performance of duty. Nature by grace is not abolished, nor destroyed, but perfected; neither are the impressions razed or annulled, but suited to the ends of grace and na-

ture. And if its affections be so forcible, that even in hell, where rancour and despite, and all feelings of goodness are overwhelmed by malice, they moved the rich glutton, by experience of his own misery, to have compassion of his kindred, how much more in the Church of God, where grace quickeneth, charity inflameth, and nature's good inclinations are abetted by supernatural gifts, ought the like piety to prevail. And, who but those more merciless than damned creatures, would see their dearest friends plunged in the like perils, and not be wounded by deep remorse at their lamentable and imminent hazard? If in beholding a mortal enemy wrought and tortured with deadly pains, the strongest heart softeneth with some sorrows; if the most frozen and fierce mind cannot but thaw and melt with pity even when it knows such person to suffer his deserved torments; how much less can the heart of a child consider those that bred him into this world, to be in the fall to far more bitter extremities, and not bleed with grief at their uncomfortable case. Surely, for mine own part, though I challenge not the prerogative of the best disposition, yet am I not of so harsh and churlish a humour, but that it is a continual corrective and cross unto me, that, whereas my endeavours have reclaimed many from the brink of perdition, I have been less able to employ them, where they were most due; and was barred

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from affording to my dearest friends that which hath been eagerly sought and beneficially obtained by mere strangers. Who hath more interest in the grape than he who planted the vine? who more right to the crop than he who sowed the corn? or where can the child owe so great service as to him to whom he is indebted for his very life and being? With young Tobias I have travelled far, and brought home a freight of spiritual substance to enrich you, and medicinally receipts against your ghostly maladies. I have, with Esau, after long toil in pursuing a long and painful chase, returned with the full prey, you were wont to love; desiring thereby to insure your blessing. I have in this general famine of all true and Christian food, with Joseph, prepared abundance of the bread of angels for the repast of your soul. And now my desire is that my drugs may cure you, my prey delight you, and my provision feed you, by whom I have been cured, enlightened, and fed myself; that your courtesies may, in part, be counter-vailed, and my duty, in some sort, performed. Despise not, good Sire, the youth of your son, neither deem your God measureth his endowments by number of years. Hoary senses are often couched under youthful locks, and some are riper in the spring, than others in the autumn of their age. God chose not Esau himself, nor his eldest son, but young David to conquer Goliath

and to rule his people: not the most aged person, but Daniel, the most innocent youth, delivered Susannah from the iniquity of the judges. Christ, at twelve years of age, was found in the temple questioning with the greatest doctors. A true Elias can conceive, that a little cloud may cast a large and abundant shower; and the scripture teacheth us, that God unveileth to little ones that which he concealeth from the wisest sages. His truth is not abashed by the minority of the speaker: for out of the mouths of infants and sucklings he can perfect his praises. Timothy was young, and yet a principal pastor: St. John, a youth, and yet an apostle; yea, and the angels by appearing in youthful semblance, gave us a proof that many glorious gifts may be shrouded under tender shapes. All this, I say, not to claim any privileges surmounting the rate of usual abilities, but to avoid all touch of presumption in advising my elders; seeing that it hath the warrant of scripture, the testimony of example, and sufficient grounds both in grace and nature. There is a diversity in the degrees of carnal consanguinity; and the pre-eminence appertaineth unto you, as superior over your child: yet if you consider our alliance in the chief portion, I mean the soul, which differenceth man from inferior creatures, we are of equal proximity to our heavenly Father, both descended from the same parent, and with no other distance in our degrees,

but that you are the eldest brother. Seeing, therefore, that your superiority is founded on flesh and blood, think it, I pray you, no dishonour to your age, nor disparagement to your person, if, with all humility, I offer my advice unto you. One man cannot be perfect in all qualities, neither is it a disgrace to the goldsmith if he be ignorant of the carpenter's trade; many are *deep* lawyers, and yet small divines; many very clever in feats of body, and curious in external accomplishments, yet little experienced in matters of mind. For these many years I have studied and practised spiritual medicine, acquainting myself with the beating and temper of every pulse, and travailing in the cure of maladies incident to souls. If, therefore, I proffer you the fruit of my long studies, and make you a present of my profession, I hope you will construe it rather as a dutiful part, than as any point of presumption. He may be a father to the soul that is a son to the body, and requite the benefit of his temporal life by reviving his parent from a spiritual death. And to this effect did Christ say, *My mother and brethren are they that do the will of my Father which is in heaven*: upon which words St. Climacus shews on what kindred a Christian ought chiefly to rely. "Let he," he says, "be thy Father, that both can and will disburthen thee of the weight of thy sins." Such a father as this Saint speaketh of, may you have in your

own son, to enter your family in the pre-recited affinity ; of which happily it was a significant presage, a boding of the future event, that, even from my infancy, you were wont, in merriment, to call me your father : now this is the customary style allotted to my present estate *. Now, therefore, to join issue and to come to the principal drift of my discourse : most humbly and earnestly I am to beseech you, that, both in respect of the honour of God, your duty to his Church, the comfort of your children, and the redress of your own soul, you would seriously consider the terms you stand in, and weigh yourself in a christian balance, taking for your counterpoise the judgments of God. Take heed in time, that the word Thekel, written of old against Balthazar and interpreted by young Daniel, be not verified in you ; remember the exposition, 'you have been weighed in the balance and found wanting.' Remember that you are in the balance, that the date of your pilgrimage is well nigh expired, and that it now behoveth you to look forward to your country. Your strength languisheth, your senses become impaired, and your body droopeth, and on every side the ruinous cottage of your faint and feeble flesh threateneth a fall. Having so many harbingers of death, to pre-admonish you of your end, how can you but prepare for so dreadful a stranger. The young

* Being a Father of the Society of Jesus.

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may die quickly, but the old cannot live long. The young man's life by casualty may be abridged, but the old man's life can by no physic be long augmented. And, therefore, if green years must sometimes think of the grave, the thoughts of sere age should continually dwell on the same. The prerogative of infancy is innocency; of childhood, reverence; of manhood maturity, and of age wisdom; and seeing that the chief property of wisdom is to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident of things to come, use now the privilege of nature's talent to the benefit of your soul, and strive hereafter to be wise in well-doing, and watchful in foresight of future harms. To serve the world you are now unable, and, though you were able, you have little wish to do so, seeing that it never gave you but an unhappy welcome, a hurtful entertainment, and now doth abandon you with an unfortunate farewell. You have long sowed in a field of flint which could bring you nothing forth but a crop of cares and afflictions of spirit, rewarding your labours with remorse, and for your pains repaying you with eternal damages. It is now more than a seasonable time to alter your course of so unthriving a husbandry, and to enter into the fields of God's Church; in which, sowing the seed of repentant sorrow, and watering it with the tears of humble contrition, you may reap a more beneficial harvest, and ga-

ther the fruit of everlasting consolation. Remember, I pray you, that your spring is spent, and your summer overpast; you are now arrived at the fall of the leaf, yea the winter-colours have already stained your hoary head.

Be not careless, saith St. Augustine, though our loving Lord bear long with offenders; for the longer he stayeth without finding amendment, the sorer will he punish when he cometh to judgment; his patience, in so long expecting, is only to lend us respite to repent, not any way to enlarge our leisure to sin. He that is tossed with variety of storms, and cannot reach his destined port, maketh not much way, but is sore turmoiled; so he that passeth many years and purchaseth little profit, hath had a long being, but a short life: for life is more to be measured by merit than by number of days, seeing that most men by many days do but procure many deaths, while others in short space attain a life of infinite ages. What is the body without the soul, but a mass of corruption; and what the soul without God but a sepulchre of sin? If God be the way, the truth and the life, he that goeth without him, strayeth, he that liveth without him dieth, and he that is not taught by him erreth. Well saith St. Augustine, that God is our true and chief life, from whom to revolt is to fall, and to return is to rise. Be not you, therefore, of the number of those who begin not to live until they be ready to die,

and then after a foe's desert, come to crave of God a friend's entertainment. Some think to share heaven in a moment, which the best scarce attain in the godliness of many years; and when they have glutted themselves with worldly delights, they would fain pass at once from the diet of Dives to the crown of Lazarus, and from the servitude of Satan to the freedom of the Saints. But be you well assured, God is not so penurious of friends as to hold himself and his kingdom for the refuse and reversion of their lives, who have sacrificed the principal thereof to his enemies and their own brutal appetites; then only ceasing to offend, when the ability of offending is taken from them. True it is that a thief may be saved upon the cross and find mercy at the last gasp, but well, saith St. Augustine, that though it be possible, yet is it scarce credible, that his death should find favour whose whole life hath deserved wrath; and that his repentance should be accepted, which more through fear of hell and love of himself than love of God, or hatred of sin, crieth for mercy. Wherefore, good Sire, make no longer delay, but being so near the breaking up of your mortal house, take time, before straitened by extremity, to satisfy God's justice. Though you suffered the bud to be blasted, and the flower to fade; though you permitted the fruit to perish and the leaves to wither away; yea, though you let the boughs decay, and the very trunk cor-

rupt, yet, alas! keep life in the root for fear the whole become fuel for the fire. Death hath already spoiled you of the better part of your natural force, and hath left you now to the last lease of your expiring days; the remainder whereof, as it cannot be long, so doth it warn you speedily to ransom your former losses. What is age but a kalendar of death, and what doth your present weakness import, but an earnest of your approaching dissolution? You are now embarked on your final voyage, and not far off from the stinted period of your course, therefore, be not dispurveyed of such proper provisions as are behoveful in so perplexed and perilous a journey. Death in itself is very fearful, but much more terrible in regard of the judgment that it summoneth us unto. If you were stretched on your departing bed, burthened with the heavy load of your former trespasses and gored with the sting of a festered conscience; if you felt the hand of Death grasping your heart's-strings and ready to make the rueful divorce between body and soul; if you lay panting for breath and bathed in a cold and fatal sweat, wearied with struggling against the pangs of death, oh, how much would you give for one hour for repentance, at what a rate would you value one day's contrition! Worlds would then be worthless in respect of a little respite; a short time would seem more precious than the treasures of empires. Nothing would be

so much esteemed as a moment of time, which is now by months and years so lavishly mispent. Oh ! how deeply would it wound your heart, when looking back into yourself, you consider many faults committed and not confessed, many good works omitted or not recovered, your service to God promised but never performed. How intolerable will be your case ! your friends are fled, your servants frightened, your thoughts amazed, your memory distracted, your whole mind aghast and unable to perform what it would, only your guilty conscience will continually upbraid you with most bitter accusations. What will be your thoughts, when, stripped of your mortal body, and turned both out of the service and house-room of this world, you are forced to enter into uncouth and strange paths, and with unknown and ugly company to be carried before a most severe judge, carrying in your own conscience your judgment written, and a perfect register of all your misdeeds ; when you shall see *him* prepared to pass the sentence upon you, against whom you have transgressed ; he is to be the umpire, whom by so many offences you have made your enemy ; when not only the devils, but even the angels will plead against you, and yourself, in spite of your will, be your own sharpest impeacher. What would you do in these dreadful exigencies, when you saw the ghastly dungeon and huge gulf of hell breaking

out with most fearful flames? when you heard the weeping and gnashing of teeth, the rage of those hellish monsters, the horror of the place, the rigour of the pain, the terror of the company, and the eternity of the punishments? Would you then think them wise that would delay in such weighty matters, and idly play away a time allotted to prevent such intolerable calamities? Would you then account it secure to nurse in your bosom a brood of serpents, or suffer your soul to entertain so many accusers? Would not you, then, think a whole life too little to do penance for so many iniquities? Why then do you not, at least, devote the small remnant and surplus of these your latter days in seeking to make an atonement with God, and in freeing your conscience from the corruption that, by your treason and fall, has crept into it; whose very eyes that read this discourse, and very understanding that conceiveth it, shall be cited as certain witnesses of what I describe. Your soul will then experience the most terrible fears, if you do not recover yourself into the fold and family of God's Church. What have you gained by being so long enslaved to the world? What interest have you reaped that can equal your detriment in grace and virtue? You cannot be now inveigled with the passions of youth to make a partial estimate of things, and set no difference between counterfeit and current, for they are now either worn out

by the touch of time, or falling into reproof by the trial of their own folly. It cannot be fear that leadeth you amiss, seeing it were so unfitting a thing that any craven cowardice of flesh and blood should daunt the prowess of an intelligent man, who, by his wisdom, cannot but discern how much more cause there is to fear God than man, and to stand in more awe of perpetual than of temporal penalties. An ungrounded presumption on the mercy of God, and the hope of his assistance at the last plunge—the ordinary device of the devil—is too palpable a collusion to mislead a sound and sensible man. Who would trust eternal affairs upon the gliding slipperiness and shifting current of an uncertain life? or who, but one of distempered mind, would attempt to cheat the decipherer of all thoughts, with whom we may dissemble, but whom to deceive is impossible? Shall we esteem it cunning to rob the time from him and bestow it on his enemies, who keepeth account of the last moment of life, and will examine in the end how that moment hath been employed? It is a preposterous policy to attempt to fight against God. It were a strange piece of art, and a device of exorbitant folly, while the ship is sound, the pilot well, the sailors strong, the gale favourable, to lie idle in the roads; yet when the ship leaked, the pilot lay sick, the mariners faint, the storm boisterous, and the sea in a tumult of outrageous

surges, then to launch forth, to hoist up sail, and to set out for a voyage into far countries: yet such is the skill of those cunning repenters, whose thoughts in soundness of health, and in the perfect use of reason, cannot resolve to cut the cables and weigh the anchors that withhold them from God. Nevertheless they feed themselves with a fond presumption that, when their senses are astounded, their minds distracted, their understanding confused, and both their body and mind racked and tormented with the throbs of a mortal sickness, that then, forsooth, they will think of the weightiest matters, and become sudden saints, when they are scarce able to behave themselves like reasonable creatures. If neither the canon, civil, nor common law alloweth a man, punished in judgment, to make any testament or bequest of his temporal substance, being then presumed to be less than a man; how can he that is distracted with an unsettled conscience, distrained with the fits of his dying flesh, and maimed in all his faculties, be thought of such due discretion as to dispose of his chiefest inheritance, the treasure of his soul, and the concerns of a whole eternity in so short and stormy a moment? No, no: they that will loiter in the seed time, and only begin to sow when others reap; they that will riot out their health, and cast their accounts when they can scarcely speak; they that will slumber out the day, and enter on

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their journey when the light faileth them, let them blame their own folly if they die in debt, and fall headlong into the lapse of endless perdition.

O, dear Sire, remember that the scripture terms it a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, who is able to crush the proud spirit of the obstinate, and to make his enemies the footstool of his feet. Wrestle no longer against the struggles of your own conscience, and the forcible admonitions that God doth send you. Embrace his mercy before the time of rigour, and return to his Church, lest he debar you his kingdom. He cannot have God for his father that refuseth to possess the Catholic Church for his mother; neither can he attain to the Church triumphant in heaven, who is not a member of the Church militant upon earth. You have been, alas! too long an alien in the tabernacles of sinners, and strayed too far from the folds of God's Church. Turn now the bias of your heart towards the sanctuary of salvation and the city of refuge, seeking the recovery of your wandering steps from the paths of error. Return with a swift force, and hasten with jealous progress to Christian perfection; redeeming the time because the days are evil. The full of your spring-tide is now fallen, and the stream of your life waneth to a low ebb; your tired bark beginneth to leak, and grateth oft upon the gravel of the grave; therefore it is high time for you to strike sail and

put into harbour, lest, remaining in the scope of the winds and waves of, this wicked time, some unexpected gust should dash you upon the rock of eternal ruin. Tender the pitiful state of your poor soul, and henceforth be more fearful of hell than of persecution, and more eager of heaven than of worldly repose. Had the pen that wrote this letter been dipped in the wounds of the Saviour, and his precious blood been used instead of ink; had one of the highest seraphims come in the most solemn embassy to deliver it unto you, do you not think that it would have strained your heart, and wrought upon your mind to fulfil the contents, and alter your course according to the tenor thereof? Doubtless you will not deny it. Then, good Sire, let it now take the same effect, seeing the difference has been in the ceremonies and not in the substance; and that very God, who should then have invited you to your correction, saith of such as I am, though most unworthy, *He that heareth you, heareth me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me!* I exhort you, therefore, as the vicegerent of God, and I humbly request you as a dutiful child that you would surrender your assent, and yield your soul a happy captive to God's merciful inspirations, proceeding from an infinite love, and tending to your assured good. I have expressed not only my own, but the earnest desire of your other children, whose humble wishes are

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here written with my pen. For it is a general grief that filleth all our hearts, whom it hath pleased God to shroud under his merciful wing, to see our dearest father, to whom both nature hath bound and your merits fastened our affection, dismembered from the body to which we are united, to be in hazard of a farther and more grievous separation. O, good Sire, shall so many of your branches enjoy the quickening sap of God's Church, and, shooting up higher towards heaven, bring forth the flowers and fruits of salvation; and, you that are the root of us, lie barren and fruitless? Shall the beams be bright, and the sun eclipsed? Shall the brooks be clear, and the head-spring troubled? Your lot hath no such affinity with the nature of a phoenix that you should reap your offspring from your own ruins; you are not so tied in the straits of the pelican as to revive your issue by murdering yourself; neither we a generation of vipers that cannot come to life but by our parent's destruction. Yea, rather it is the thing we have chiefly in request, that we may be as near linked in spiritual, as we are in natural consanguinity; and, that living with you in the compass of our Church, we may, to our unspeakable comfort, enjoy in heaven your most desired company. Blame me not, good Father, if zeal of your recovery has carried me beyond the limits of a letter. So important a truth cannot be too much avowed, nor too many means

used to draw a soul out of the misery of schism. Howsoever, therefore, the soft gales of your morning pleasures lulled you in slumbers ; howsoever the violent heat of noon might awake affections, yet now in the cool and calm of the evening retire to a Christian rest, and close up the day of your life with a clear sun-set ; that leaving all darkness behind you, and carrying in your conscience the light of grace, you may escape the horror of eternal night, and pass from the day of mortality to the Sabbath of everlasting rest : and humbly desiring that my sincere affection may find excuse of my boldness, I here conclude.



III.

Letter written to his Brother.

UNDERSTANDING that you were resolved upon a course which most nearly toucheth the salvation of your soul, I received such contentment as a sincere and most faithful love feeleth in the long desired happiness of so dear a friend. But hearing since, that you will dwell in danger and linger in new delays, my hopes hang in suspense, and my heart in grief, angry with the chains that thus en-

thral you, and sorry to see you captive to your own fears. Shrine not any longer a dead soul in a living body: bail reason out of senses' prison, that after so long a bondage in sin, you may enjoy your former liberty in God's Church, and free your thought from the servile awe of uncertain perils. If all should take effect, that your timorous surmises suggest, yet could not even the misery of your present estate, with the loss of your patronage, and keeping you in this disfavour of God, have either left you any greater benefit to lose, or any deeper infelicity to incur. Weigh with yourself at how easy a price you rate God, whom you are content to sell for the use of your substance, yea, and for the preventing a loss which haply will never ensue. Have you so little need of him, that you can so long forbear him? or is he so worthless in your estimation that you will venture nothing for him? Adjourn not, I pray you, a matter of such importance. Remember that one sin begetteth another, and when you yield to nurse daily this venomous brood in your breast, what can you look for, but, that like vipers, they should compass your destruction. Custom soon groweth to a second nature, and being once master of the mind, it can hardly be cast out of possession. If to-day you find yourself faint, fainter you are like to be to-morrow, if you languish in the same distaste without cure, and suffer the corrosive of sin to con-

sume you without opposing its violence. How can you flatter yourself with an ungrounded hope of mercy, since to continue in it so long, is the surest way to stop the fountain of it for ever? The more you offend God, the less you deserve his favour; and to be deaf when he calleth you, is to close his ears against all cries in the time of your necessity. If you mean to surrender your heart to him, why do you lend so much leisure to the devil to strengthen his hold; and why stop up the passages with mire by which the pure waters of grace must flow into your soul? Look if you can upon a crucifix without blushing; do but count the five wounds of Christ once over without a bleeding conscience. Read your sins in those characters, and examine your thoughts whether the sight do please them. Alas! if that innocent blood move you not, or if you can find still in your heart to open afresh such undeserved wounds, I would I might send you the sacrifice of my dearest veins, to try whether nature could awake remorse, and prepare a way for grace's entrance. Sorrow puts me to silence, and therefore, Brother, I must end, desiring you to have pity on yourself, whose harms make so bitter an impression on Ager's mind. God of his infinite goodness strengthen you in all your good designments.

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT OF THE EDITOR.

It appears from the 1st and 2d Letters of this Appendix, that the Epistles from the pen of Southwell were numerous; if they were like the few here preserved, it would be matter of regret that they should have perished. Should any copies of Southwell's Letters, or indeed of any other of his MSS. be known to exist, the Editor would esteem it as no common favour, if they could be communicated to the Catholic printers of the present volume. Any information where our Author's "Supplication to Queen Elizabeth," dated London 1595, is to be found, will prove equally acceptable.

London, May 21st, 1817.

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